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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 355
EDITORIALS:
1917-1927 359
An Asiatic World-War 359
Padlocks and Theaters 360
Beethoven 360
THE BALANCE SHEET 361
TEN YEARS AFTER. By Oswald Garrison Villard 362
AMERICA'S WAR-TIME SOCIALISM. By Rexford G. Tugwell 364
A'WA TSEIGHE COMES HOME FROM THE WAR. By Mary Austin 367
THE MORAL LOSSES OF THE WAR. By John Haynes Holmes 369
THE TURNIP YEAR IN GERMANY. By An Englishwoman 370
THE FIRST "BOILED" SURGEON. By Edythe Helen Browne 372
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 373
CORRESPONDENCE 373
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 374
Understanding Mexico. By Carleton Beals 374
Workhorse and Thoroughbred. By Johan Smertenko 375
Passion for the Unpassionate. By Joseph Wood Krutch 376
A Liberal Looks at the Empire. By J. Salwyn Schapiro 377
Black and White Love. By Mary Ross 378
Books in Brief 378
Art: The Architectural League Exhibition. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin 378
Drama: Two Successes. By Joseph Wood Krutch 380

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WE CONGRATULATE MR. BORAH that one of his colleagues has discovered an almost forgotten resolution of the Senate, adopted in 1921, providing that the regular standing committees "shall continue and have power to act until their successors are appointed." If the joke is rather on the Senate that its members could not recollect a resolution as important as this six years after it was passed, it is none the less gratifying to learn that Senator Borah can go ahead, call his Foreign Relations Committee together, and appoint a subcommittee to sit during the entire recess and deal with the China, Nicaraguan, and Mexican situations, and with any others which may arise. If there ever was a time when the State Department needed supervision and watching it is at present. As Walter Lippmann clearly demonstrated to the Foreign Policy Association in New York City on March 26, the Department has been guilty of falsification and misrepresentation. It has nobody to thank but itself if the public begins to feel that it is no longer to be trusted. Particularly is it necessary that the events in China be watched. Senator Borah voiced the feelings of multitudes of Americans when he publicly thanked God that the Nationalists had entered Shanghai. Panicky admirals may injure our standing with the Chinese to an extent that will take us decades to overcome.

WE HOPE that Mr. Kellogg's office soviet read their Sunday papers carefully on March 27. For if they did they may have noticed small items reporting five intercollegiate debates on the question: Resolved, that this house approves the policy of the Coolidge Administration in Nicaragua. In the Wesleyan-Williams, Brown-Dartmouth, and Harvard-Princeton debates the judges were unanimous for the negative, and in each case the audience agreed with them. The judges, voting two to one, gave Yale, supporting the affirmative, the victory in the Yale-Princeton debate, but the audience disagreed; by a similar three-to-two vote the judges gave Harvard the victory over Yale at New Haven, and there again the audience voted in the negative. We doubt if any red-blooded American audience aware of the facts would vote support of the Coolidge-Kellogg policy of browbeating Nicaragua and Mexico. Unfortunately, not all Americans know the facts, and some Americans do not want other Americans to know them. The American Legion has appointed a committee to "investigate" the State Normal School of West Chester, Pa., charging it with "creating disrespect to the President and the Government" by questioning their Nicaraguan policy. Major John A. Farrell declared that there was no justification for students in a tax-supported institution to criticize the government that gives them an education. Major Farrell seems never to have heard of the theory, once current even in America, that the government was the servant of the people, not their boss.

LITTLE BROTHER DIAZ, "president" of Nicaragua by grace of the United States marines who uphold him—eight for every civilian American being protected—is to have another chance to kill his enemies. They have beaten him in battle after battle; and now the United States War Department has sold him 3,000 Krag rifles, 200 Browning machine-guns with accessories, and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, on credit. This matter of selling arms to defeated dictators might be criticized as poor business for the American Treasury; but for Nicaragua it has a double sting. The first of the notes given by Mr. Diaz in exchange for the guns comes due just after the expiration of his supposed term as president!

POOR GOVERNOR SMITH! A deadly blow was struck at his candidacy when President Wilson's Postmaster General, the Hon. A. S. Burleson of Texas, with his accustomed solemnity revealed his readiness to climb aboard the Smith band-wagon, and it was announced that T. W. Gregory, lately Attorney General in the same Cabinet, would soon follow suit. If "Al" Smith is wise he will stand on the running-board of his motorized Presidential band-wagon and beat off both of these Texas luminaries with the jack, or the tire-pump, or starter-crank, or any other implement that happens to be in the tool-box. No reader of *The Nation* needs to be reminded of the malodorous record of Burleson, the Wilsonian censor who was so busy destroying the little publications which refused to swallow the Wilsonian bunk about the war, or fail to remember Mr. Gregory's connection with the "Cheka" that sought to railroad to jail everyone who dared to exercise his historic American privilege to dissent in time of war. That such men as these are seeking to ally themselves with Governor Smith proves not only that

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his prospects are hourly becoming more assured, but also that his candidacy has reached that stage when the political humbugs and scalawags are rushing to be among the "original Smith men."

AT LAST A GERMAN COURT has found guilty some of the men of the former Black Reichswehr who amused themselves in 1922 and 1923 by murdering any members of their secret monarchist organization whom they suspected of betraying it. One trial after another has taken place with as disheartening results as our own efforts to put members of the Harding Cabinet into jail. One man, Lieutenant Schultz, was tried several times, and each time until now the court acquitted him. As he was charged with having directed no less than twelve assassinations the prosecuting authorities kept on trying him until he was finally convicted, with three officers who threw a sergeant major, whom they had beaten into unconsciousness, into the Havel River. When his body came to the surface they emptied their revolvers into it. No worse gang of official assassins ever operated. It must be a great relief to all decent Germans that at last there is evidence that they will meet with their just deserts. There is great difference of opinion as to the effectiveness of the remaining secret military organizations in Germany. The conviction of these men ought to help on their disintegration.

IN ONE CORNER of the British Empire the ancient conflict between East and West has reached an at least temporary solution. Relations between East Indian and white man in South Africa have been a problem ever since the planters of Natal induced their Governor to bring in cheap Indian agricultural laborers more than half a century ago. Mahatma Gandhi's name first became known in his home country when he gave up his law practice to defend the cause of his fellow-countrymen in South Africa twenty years ago. He preached and organized, and was imprisoned, and won the Smuts-Gandhi pact, which quieted agitation until after the war. When the empire was talking loudly of the equal rights of the Dominions, the Indians claimed equal citizenship in other parts of the empire. South Africa replied by imposing more restrictions upon her 160,000 Indian residents, and recently proposed still further restrictions, especially in the Areas Registration Bill. But whereas Indian delegations in other years have met with South African refusal to so much as sit down together, this year's delegation met a finer spirit. The result is a compromise agreement which promises equal privileges for Indians "prepared to conform to Western standards of life." The Areas Registration Bill will be dropped; Indians who wish to emigrate will be assisted by the South African Government; equal pay for equal work is assured; but South Africa's right to maintain "Western standards" in her own territory is reaffirmed. There are vague clauses in this agreement, which may lead to trouble. Everything depends upon the manner of its execution; but the facts that Gandhi indorses it and General Hertzog sponsors it are reasons for hope. Meanwhile the problem of the Blacks remains.

THREE GHASTLY HARBOR DISASTERS occurred within two months last winter, in which sixty-seven men lost their lives and more than a hundred were seriously injured. In November a series of explosions tore the oil tanker Mantilla to pieces in the harbor of Baltimore. Eighteen men engaged in reconditioning the vessel were killed and sixty-two were badly hurt. A few weeks later, in the same harbor, the barkentine Richelieu was loading explosives when a roar and a shock told the waterfront of another accident. Nine longshoremen perished and forty were severely burned. On December 20 the motor launch Linseed King was crossing the Hudson from New York City when a cake of floating ice battered a huge hole in the bow and the vessel plunged to the river's bottom, carrying forty longshoremen to their death, while many others suffered seriously from exposure in the icy water. It is not expected that the families of any of these victims will ever be able to collect a cent in recompense, because existing law limits liability to the value of the ship where the accident happened, and in all three cases the vessel was a total loss. No help can be had from State workmen's compensation acts, for in 1917 the federal Supreme Court ruled that the moment a man walks up a ship's gangplank he becomes a maritime worker and steps out from the protection of State legislation.

HAPPILY AFTER NEXT JULY this cruel situation will exist no longer. The tragedy of these victims and their dependents was not wholly in vain. It was the spur which made it possible for the American Association for Labor Legislation to push through Congress, in the very last hour of the last session—when a filibuster was holding up nearly all other legislation—a federal longshoremen's accident-compensation bill remedying the injustices and inadequacies of the old maritime law. The act will bring protection to a third of a million of workers in twenty-two different crafts. It includes not only men aboard a vessel engaged in loading and unloading, but also mechanics who are making changes or repairs, thus bringing protection to a large group of men who are subject to greater hazards than most factory workers. The benefits are based on the scale of the New York workmen's compensation act, but the government bears none of the cost. Employers are to provide compensation by the usual methods of insurance. Incidentally, the law will introduce workers' accident compensation in a limited way to the five States which afford no such protection: North and South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida.

FORTY RELIGIOUS LEADERS of the South, including ten bishops, have interrupted the hallelujah chorus of Southern industrial expansion. In a public letter to industrial captains of the region, they question the moral validity of the mill village, of the sixty-hour week in cotton mills, of the employment of women and children, of the absence of labor representation, and of the low wages. The letter is full of placating phrases, but it will undoubtedly come as a shock to Southern mill-owners, because it is the first all-Southern indictment coming from so respectable a source. It cannot be brushed aside as red propaganda or sectional spite. It describes as "desirable and right that [labor] should have a proper share in making and enforcing the regulations by which industrial plants are controlled. . . . Higher wages, better schools, shorter hours of labor, and the independence of the worker tend to enrich life and to develop a stronger type of citizenship." While the letter is addressed to employers, it should encourage the mill-workers and their sympathizers to continue the battle against the ghastly labor standards of Southern cotton mills.

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WITCH HUNTING and kindred occupations continue to be our favorite national pastime. On March 8 Clarence Darrow was forced to leave Mobile, Alabama, after being threatened with lynching because in a speech to Negroes in a school building he deplored lynching and Southern justice. Police with drawn revolvers guarded Mr. Darrow out of town; Ku Klux Klan handbills denouncing him were passed around to the crowd that pursued him. In California, where the infamous criminal-syndicalism law has been extended for two years, the Burlingame *Advance-Star* has these thoughts on the subject:

> Thanks to the efforts of that splendid organization, the American Legion, California's criminal-syndicalism law will remain safe upon the statute-books for another two years. . . . It is the fellow who mistakes license for liberty who wants the law . . . stricken from the statute-books. . . . They want to slander, to libel, and to traduce . . . they want to practice free love and destroy religion and because they can't they rail about the lack of freedom of action.

In California also Leland Stanford University has officially withdrawn from a national oratorical contest held under the Better America Federation, the subject to be some aspect of the Constitution of the United States. The students' executive committee said:

> . . . We feel that the purpose and conduct of the contest is not in accordance with our ideals of free thinking. The contest is arranged as propaganda for the unchanging permanence of the Constitution and not in the spirit of unbiased liberty. . . . At a previous contest a Stanford student presented what he believed to be honest criticism of the Constitution and one of the judges left the platform during the speech. We do not care to participate under these conditions.

NOR IS THE HOME OF THE FREE the only country in which free speech is under a cloud. Our neighbor on the north, Canada, has just sentenced to sixty days in jail a Toronto editor judged to have published blasphemous utterances in his paper, the *Christian Inquirer*. The judge in the case was a Sunday-school superintendent and his charge to the jury was not a marvel of unbiased open-mindedness:

> Our conception of God is so much a part of every life that it is an integral part of our national life. The Bible, the Holy Scriptures, are to us as the revelation of God's will concerning us and all His people. . . .

After this identification of church, state, and people, the words of the court to the effect that disbelief in these universally held doctrines was pardonable if uttered in "respectful terms" naturally fell on the deaf ears of the jury. The blasphemer, Ernest V. Sterry, was found guilty forthwith for referring to God as "this touchy Jehovah" and "an irate old party." His sentence carries with it a recommendation for deportation to England at the end of the two months. Time was when Hyde Park in London would have been sanctuary for even this amount of unbridled license. But England is learning fast from us, and the soap-boxers even there are all too often hauled down from their thrones by irate policemen.

GOOD NEWS ONCE MORE from the Tariff Commission! Here comes the startling information that this ever-vigilant body has ordered an investigation into the costs of producing cherries. Shall a Canadian-fed cherry undersell the American? Never! Every drop of patriotic blood in the bodies of the commissioners, we are sure, revolts against the idea. Hence we are willing to bet that the existing duty of two cents a pound will go up to three cents a pound, or ten cents a pound if necessary. No more deadly blow than this competition from Canada has been offered to our infant cherry industry since George Washington cut down his cherry tree—to curtail the crop, according to the latest historians. On the other side of the globe American ships may be saving Americans in China, but the Tariff Commission is going to prevent the American cherry's rotting on the bough because of the competition of cherries raised by underpaid foreign labor. In the face of this what protectionist can possibly care that Germany has now joined France in raising the tariff barriers against the United States? Germany, it seems, is driving American automobile-assembling plants out of Germany, and there are those who say that this is an answer to the recent increase of duties on pig iron entering American ports. All right, but just let them threaten our cherries!

LADIES OF LEISURE are becoming as extinct as dodos. Yet, with this fact well recognized, it comes somewhat as a pleasurable shock to read that of the 140 young women comprising the Barnard College class of 1926, every last one is either continuing her studies or engaged in some gainful occupation. No longer does the woman with a college education languish unhappily at home or spend her time in desultory volunteer "social" work. These Barnard girls are teachers, clerks, statisticians, secretaries, laboratory assistants, and publicity agents. They are reporters, proofreaders, costume designers, decorators, advertisers. They count among their number an assistant probation officer in a juvenile court, a speaker and organizer for the League of Nations Non-Partisan Organization, an Egyptologist, a college registrar, and a house painter. The twenty-one students who are doing graduate work will be variously doctors, nurses, lawyers, journalists, scientists. The old rhyme about "richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief" is going to need revising in the near future. If there are no female Indian chieftains—and this paper is not going to be caught saying there are not—it is because no woman has decided to follow that calling. It may be worth noting that of the 140 busy Barnard graduates of a year ago, not one is yet married. Statistics tell us that ten years hence half of them will no longer be single; it will be interesting to see how many will still be at work outside the home.

YADDO IS THE COUNTRY ESTATE of the late Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask near Saratoga Springs, New York. Late in her life Mrs. Trask, then Mrs. George Foster Peabody, who dedicated the house and its many acres of hills to discussion and art, conceived the idea of leaving behind her a retreat to which artists could come and be comfortable while they worked. Now Yaddo is available each year between June and October to persons—no more than ten at a time—who have something to say but no place to say it in. From the reports which come to us we are convinced that the opportunity offered by Mrs. Trask's bequest is a valuable one. We are particularly interested in the restriction to ten residents per summer, each to have a separate studio in the great house and, presumably, all of the Adirondacks outside to think about. Any poet, musician, painter, or economist would be happy to find himself one of the ten to profit by Mrs. Peabody's wise generosity.

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1917-1927

TEN years ago the American people reversed its national tradition against entangling alliances and participation in the political struggles of Europe in order, as it fondly believed, to make the world safe for democracy, safeguard the rights of small nations and the principle of self-determination, and establish the reign of law by waging a war to end all war. Had our entrance into the war been excused upon the ground that as guardians of the rights of neutrals we could not permit international law to be violated, it would have been necessary to defend these rights against the equally grievous and ultimately more serious violation of neutral rights by the British Orders in Council. Sagacious minds in 1917, familiar with the development of European struggles for political and economic supremacy, were loath to permit the United States to throw itself into the cauldron merely to aid one party to a traditional European war. They were unconvinced that the grounds of intervention alleged were sustainable by the evidence involved in the issue, or achievable by war.

In November, 1916, the American people had fairly well recorded its insistence on non-intervention. President Wilson in December, 1916, had declared that the struggle involved no moral issues and ought, therefore, to be brought to a sensible close. Unfortunately, by his condonation of Allied violations of the rights of neutrals he had so weakened the force of his proposals for peace that Mr. Lloyd George felt no need for heeding them and demanded a knock-out. Lloyd George ultimately got it with our help, and future generations of Europeans, and of Americans as well, must pay the penalty for the mistake.

From January to April, 1917, a press campaign, the like of which has never been witnessed in the United States, wrought the East into a state of mind where the Wilsonian formula of the moral issues seemed to be accepted by a considerable number of our people. A show of unity was achieved; but it was always a show only. Actually, the country was divided, and while opposition was suppressed in the way that governments can suppress it, the opposition was silenced rather than convinced. The mob spirit, an artificial exultation, ruled supreme, and that is good neither for leaders nor for led.

If the causes and justifications for our intervention were based on facts, some evidence of their truth ought now, after ten years, to be apparent. At least, we have now, in the calmness of reflection, an opportunity to take stock and to determine whether the policy of intervention was wise or not. What do we see? By abandoning the rights of neutrals we threw international law into chaos; the refusal of our State Department to press our neutrality claims against Great Britain was a further blow at international law. The theory of the League of Nations, that neutrality is an undesirable and improper status, is likely to find support in the fact that neutral rights have been put at the mercy of any powerful belligerent. Another most effective blow on behalf of anarchy was given by the Treaty of Versailles, in which the trustees of civilization began a raid on some of the most fundamental principles of international law because they saw in it a momentary gain. We refer, primarily, to the confiscation of private property under Article 297, a precedent which may be dangerously extended. This example, destroying what little progress international law had made, has thrown us back toward the days of anarchic barbarism.

The disarmament of Germany was to have been the first step in general disarmament. Who can read the news of the Geneva "Disarmament Conference" with any belief that the Allied Powers, masters of Europe's fate, have any serious intention of disarming? They have made such a mess of European political and economic conditions that even with the best intentions the problem is one of enormous difficulty. In the course of our quixotic intervention, we contracted a national war debt of twenty-five billions, and have apparently incurred, in addition, the enmity of our European debtors, notwithstanding the cancelation of billions, for continuing to suppose that their signatures were genuine.

In our own administration of the war policy we debauched the national traditions. We are now among the most distinguished confiscators of private property of which history has any record, notwithstanding President Coolidge's unctuous remark that we have "scrupulously observed" the principle of international law that private property is immune from violation or confiscation. Someone should call the President's attention to the Chemical Foundation case before he makes further charges against Mexico. Public and private morality seem to have gone into eclipse; after the emotional debauch of war days we are no longer capable of rousing ourselves to end real evils at home. We smile at corruption in high places; we are content to see the government become the tool of those who least need its aid; we sneer at every effort at reform as an outbreak of "bolshevism." We, who preached so nobly about "the rights of small nations" ten years ago, pay no attention to them in our own back yard but play the strutting bully ourselves.

And Europe? Well, look at it. Is there any sign there that the last war is over, that the next is not on its way? Have the trustees of civilization made an arrangement under which Europe can live in peace? We doubt it. At the moment, we see the most dangerous diplomatic struggles in Italy, Jugoslavia, France, England, Poland, Russia. Have they promoted democracy or the will to peace? The predictions and promises of 1917 are sad reading today. The United States might have led in liquidating the war had our leaders seen and understood it in the light of past history. Instead they greeted it as a "different" war, a holy crusade, prolonged it to its bitter conclusion, and made inevitable a treaty of peace as sadistic as any treaty that has disgraced the pages of recorded history. Our President and our people were betrayed by that treaty, but, unhappily, not many have yet realized the fact. It dashed every hope of a regenerated world, and not even the League of Nations can make much impression on the forces which it set in motion. It is not unfair to say that American intervention in the war made possible the Treaty of Versailles and its horrible consequences. The lapse of ten years can hardly give a thrill of satisfaction to those who brought us into the war, who commemorate it with pride while handing its bleak heritage of burdens and hates to the generations coming after.

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An Asiatic World-War?

ON the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the World War she hovers on the brink of an Asiatic World-War. The headlines flare; the rumors fly, burst sensationally, and fall like dead skyrockets; the atrocity stories have begun. "Heroism" stories fill the columns; hysterical women refugees are quoted as impartial witnesses; and when other devices fail, the correspondents fill their space with imaginative accounts of what might have happened if this warship had not laid down a barrage, that admiral had not threatened a bombardment, or if the foreign fleet in the river had not made an impressive show of force. The stage is set; the mob spirit is being invoked.

What has happened? In the headlines two hundred Americans were imperiled; in the early dispatches—even in one of Admiral Williams's reports—"a number of American civilians were killed." Admiral Hough, the hot-headed seaman who bombarded Nanking once and wanted to bombard it again, reported his fear "that the number of dead is large." In the end, it turns out that one American man was killed, one woman missionary was twice wounded, a sailor was also wounded, and a Standard Oil official sprained his ankle. Three or four other foreigners were killed; several buildings were burned, and more were looted. Some of the American men were forced to give up their outer clothes; some of the women had their clothes torn by jostling crowds.

Who was responsible? Some say that the American refugees were caught between cross fires when the Cantonese soldiers were entering the city; others that Northern refugees were responsible; others insist that the looting and shooting was an "obviously predetermined attack," and still other reports agree that it was the work of undisciplined Cantonese soldiers and sympathizers who arrived ahead of their officers. The last party of one hundred and twenty American missionaries to escape declares that "the [Chinese] students at the university had procured the protection of this building [their refuge at Nanking University] by the attendance of an officer and a group of soldiers." These refugees, whom Admiral Hough insisted could be saved only by bombarding Nanking, reached the warships escorted by a Nationalist guard! They say:

> A Kuomintang military detachment was sent to the university, and in carriages, rickshas, and on foot the caravan of the foreigners made its way without molestation to the riverfront at Hsiakwan and were there turned over to foreign marines. . . . The help rendered by the Red Swastika Society in securing and paying for carriages and rickshas and the kindness of its officers greatly aided the evacuation.

When the Cantonese general reached the city the looting stopped. We have not seen an iota of evidence that higher Nationalist officers had anything to do with the looting and shooting except to stop it. Why, then, the atmosphere of military hysteria?

Is not the real peril in the foreigners' own state of mind? To them every foreign life is sacred; Chinese lives do not matter at all. China's civil war, Chinese Nationalism are, to the foreign business men in China, mere interruptions of trade, and should be repressed. The correspondents, unfortunately, reflect this blindness; the ghastly inability to comprehend a world crisis could hardly be more patent than in the reports of Admiral Hough's bombardment of Nanking. It is safe to say that the ordinary American newspaper reader does not yet know that Admiral Hough's guns killed scores, perhaps hundreds, or even thousands of Chinese. Mr. Moore reported inconspicuously on March 27 that "by the British barrage and American fusillade scores, maybe hundreds, of Chinese are believed to have been killed. The Chinese newspapers at Shanghai state thousands." Yet all we hear of is that one American was killed, and the American Government has the effrontery to talk of protesting to the Chinese!

Was the barrage necessary to save the American lives? At this distance we cannot tell; nor can we trust the guesses of excited refugees. One may, however, note that the Japanese laid down no barrage and made no ultimatums. It is instructive to compare these dispatches:

TOKIO, March 26 (Special to the New York *Times*).—According to information reaching the Navy Department from Nanking, the commander of a Japanese destroyer went ashore there yesterday, purposely going unarmed so as to avoid the appearance of provocation, and successfully conducted the evacuation of about 150 Japanese. The party reached the river without serious molestation and safely embarked aboard the Japanese craft. The incident illustrates the care the Japanese are taking to avoid a quarrel with the Southerners.

SHANGHAI, March 25 (Associated Press).—The vigorous threat by the American and British naval command that Cantonese positions at Nanking would be bombarded unless foreigners still beleaguered in the city were escorted to safety, tonight was followed by the safe appearance of the first of the Americans on the waterfront.

SHANGHAI, March 25 (By Cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*).—China continued its mad rampage against foreigners today with murderous attacks upon missionaries at Nanking. . . . It was a saturnalia of Oriental crime . . . and would have resulted in the massacre of all foreigners had it not been for the presence of foreign war vessels.

The Japanese seem wiser. They have learned that ultimatums merely inflame the Chinese; that friendship pays. Even England's restraint in this crisis has been in notable contrast to the appeals for "action" by the hotbloods of the Shanghai community. And America? Where does she stand? Today, up and down the Yangtze Valley, she is blamed for that murderous barrage which may have saved the lives of the little group of Americans who had taken refuge in the Standard Oil buildings in Nanking, but which certainly snuffed out the lives of an unknown number of Chinese. Will Washington continue to leave decisions to the judgment of naval officers on the spot; or will it insist on the more cautious and wiser course followed by Japan?

The evil of the present crisis lies not alone in the ugly spirit of the foreign community and newspapermen in China. It lies partly in the cruel sensationalism of our own daily press, which plays up the war stories as it played up German "atrocities" in the days of that other world war, with an appalling and callous lack of proportion.

One American was killed in Nanking, and the admiral bombarded the city. Why not send the marines to Chicago, where killings are more frequent?

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Padlocks for Plays

THE Jenks bill, which provided for a political censor of the New York stage, has apparently died in committee, and for the moment the threatened danger has been averted, but at the eleventh hour the Senate indulged in a gesture of moral indignation and passed the so-called padlock law. The Wales Stage Regulation bill, in which it is embodied, empowers the Municipal Licensing Commissioner to close for as long as one year any theater found guilty of housing an indecent play and also extends the responsibility for the production of such a play so as to include virtually everybody in any way concerned with it. Moreover, it specifically prohibits any dramatic performance which is concerned with sex perversion or degeneracy. This clause seems to aim at "The Captive."

One may well question the wisdom of any law which excludes the serious dramatic treatment of any significant social phenomenon, but even more obviously unfair is the padlock provision, which is, in effect, a retroactive law since the producer of a play has no way of knowing whether or not a jury will declare it indecent until after it has been brought to trial. Whatever one may think of the superficially similar practice as used against violators of the national prohibition act, there is no real parallel between the two kinds of padlocks. The manager of a hotel or restaurant which sells liquor is guilty of conscious and deliberate violation of the law; he knows that he is technically guilty, and he is merely taking a chance that he will not be caught. Indecency is, on the other hand, a matter of opinion; no legal definition has ever been framed which makes possible any objective test. The opinion of one set of twelve jurors may very well be different from that of another set, and so, even though indecency upon the stage be a recognized crime, no crime has been committed until a court has decided that a given performance is indeed indecent. Under the padlock law, the owner of a theater may be heavily penalized for housing a performance which both he and the majority of his patrons sincerely believe to be both elevating and beautiful. With some show of reason, the law may require him promptly to withdraw a play which has been legally declared indecent, but it cannot, without running the risk of inflicting a grave injustice, punish him for a crime which he had no way of knowing to be one. It is an elementary principle of criminal law that the crimes against which it is directed shall be clearly defined, and in the present case no agreement upon the necessary definitions is possible.

One may hope that the Commissioner of Licenses will use judgment in employing the powers which this bill vests in him. Knowledge of the past does not, however, lend much support to this latter hope, for legal authority has tended to be most lenient toward frivolous impropriety and most vindictive toward serious and powerful expression. In England it has winked at the French farce and the novels of Elinor Glyn while forbidding "Ghosts" and prosecuting the publishers of Havelock Ellis; in New York the district attorney declared two years ago that he considered "Desire Under the Elms" the most objectionable of the plays then being attacked. We may yet see a theater closed for a year because it dared to house some play by O'Neill or another which dramatic history will regard as the masterpiece of our generation.

Beethoven

TRUE internationalism had its innings on March 26 the world over. In every musical center the centennial of the death of the greatest of composers, Ludwig van Beethoven, was celebrated. Before the World War no one ever dreamed that anything could interfere with the reverence paid to the great masters of music; it remained for the people of the United States to bar the works of men dead nearly a century, stopping the divine task of assuaging spiritual suffering, elevating the spirit, and fortifying the souls of all to whom music ministers. Fortunately, only the memory of this shame persists. Nothing marred the celebrations due to the great soul who ended his life in Vienna a century ago. They have been going on for months; they have brought out again some of the lesser-known works—all of which have once more proved the power of the Beethoven appeal. He remains one of the three composers whose symphonies invariably increase the box-office receipts; it is a case where the best draws the crowd.

Writing in the New York *World* H. L. Mencken says that Beethoven's greatness has never been questioned by any reputable body of opinion since his death. The composer who bridges the way from classicism to romanticism had, however, to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the form of bitter attacks upon him while he lived. He was a musical radical, they said, a dangerous and unworthy innovator; his symphonies were trash; each composition showed a progressive deterioration. They gave him hard days, these critics.

Nor did his masterpieces flow into Beethoven's mind full-formed, without all the agonies of study and creation. In his early days and work this greatest of composers lacked technical skill and knowledge. He had to hammer away at his melodies; his tunes did not come readily to him. He was a genius when he had got through with his forging, the stupendous work of art was there—all the melodies that anyone could ask, exuberant in their joy, profound in their melancholy, stupendous in their majesty. They are deathless, if there is anything that is deathless on earth; as long as there are symphonies his will be played. Others besides Mr. Mencken—himself an excellent musician in addition to all his other talents—feel that some of the symphonies could be rescored for the great orchestra of today—how stunned and thrilled Beethoven would be could he hear a modern performance of his Eroica!—which is so much richer in instruments than that with which he worked. But whether some of his compositions do or do not sound thin in places to experts, their appeal is unending. Familiarity with them, so far from breeding contempt, breeds here its exact opposite: new joys, new sadnesses, new inspirations.

So Beethoven, the Shakespeare of composers, ranks with the greatest of the great. His fame increases out of all proportion to the lapse of years as the appreciation of music grows—especially in America, where new orchestras spring up overnight and the love of chamber music steadily increases. The force of his knobby character, the magnitude of his thoughts, the power of his imagination could not be denied, and the outpouring of that spirit is one of the greatest heritages of the entire world. As to this the celebrations have just testified, leveling every barrier of geography and nationality. What dead statesman could command a similar tribute?

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The Balance Sheet

Cr.	*Dr.*
By one World War	50,510 Americans dead, 193,663 wounded. War Debt January 1, 1927, $19,300,000,000.
By one War to End War *"National armaments should be limited to the necessities of national order and domestic safety."*—Woodrow Wilson, Second Inaugural.	American forces increased by 95,000 Reserve Officers; R. O. T. C. in colleges and universities; annual force in training increased to 610,000 men (statement of President Coolidge); "army and navy never before so large and efficient in peace time." Seventy cents of every dollar raised by taxation go to wars past and future.—Secretary Mellon in his Annual Report for 1925.
By one war to make the world safe for democracy *"Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world, as against selfish and autocratic power."*—Woodrow Wilson, April 2, 1917.	Democracy never in such disfavor, even in America. Despotic governments in Italy, Portugal, Spain, Russia, Hungary, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria, and Turkey.
By one promise of absolute freedom of the seas in peace and in war.	No additional freedom; the whole body of international law of war time a heap of ruins.
By one promise of the removal as far as possible of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace.—Woodrow Wilson, Fourteen Peace Points.	Higher and more effective tariffs everywhere, especially between France and the United States. Every new country encircled by tariff barriers, declared by the world's leading bankers to be a chief obstacle to the economic recovery of Europe.
By one promise of "a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world . . . for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy."—Fourteen Peace Points.	Russia ostracized among the nations. Recognition still refused by the United States. A policy of hostile encirclement under way. War made upon her in 1918-20 by America without authority of Congress; Russia attacked from within and without by foreign troops and White Russians aided by American and other money.
By one promise of a General Association of Nations.—Fourteen Peace Points.	Promise largely redeemed; a league formed, still dominated by the victors and intertwined with the Treaty of Versailles.
By one promise of a "peace which should be founded on certain clearly defined principles which set up a new order of right and justice. . . . Upon these principles it will be executed."—Woodrow Wilson at Paris, April 23, 1919.	The Treaty of Versailles: "In the whole history of diplomacy there is no treaty more properly to be regarded as an international crime."—*The Nation*, May 17, 1919.
By one war to establish the rights of small nations and the "privileges of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience."—Woodrow Wilson, April 2, 1917.	Haiti subjugated; Mexico threatened by the United States; Nicaragua overrun by United States Marines; Panama a tool; Santo Domingo, Honduras, etc., in grip of American bankers and State Department. The white Powers holding Shanghai against its Chinese residents. France strangling Syria, Morocco subjugated, etc., etc.

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Ten Years After

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TEN years only since 1917. Yet a lifetime of dramatic events to which there is no end has been crowded into them. Is not Shanghai just proclaimed by its conquerors as a base for that world revolt which *The Nation* declared inevitable when the infamous treaty of peace was published in May, 1919? Shanghai is, indeed, as long a way from Paris as 1927 is from 1917; it is merely another proof that if you go to war you cannot tell where the war will end any more than you can prophesy the date of its conclusion. Its ramifications are endless; its reverberations carry to the ends of the earth. Because of it men may die in furthermost isles; you begin war in Cuba and you complete it among Malays on the other side of the globe. Only one thing is certain: Wherever war, there liberty shrivels, lies insensate—dies. You may glorify the struggle as you will, and supply it, if you please, with aims as lofty as you can possibly portray by pen or voice; you may attribute to yourself and your allies the purest motives, the noblest objectives, the most humanitarian desires. You will inevitably fail to achieve those ends, and your beautifully cadenced words will turn to ashes because it is ordained by the way of the world that goodness and virtue, the safeguarding of human rights and what is called civilization can never be achieved by letting loose hell upon earth.

Why We Went to War

We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.—From Wilson's War Address to Congress, April 2, 1917.

So after ten years the picture is clearly drawn for everyone who cares to see, whose eyes are not wilfully blind. Woodrow Wilson himself declared that the "full price of peace" would be "full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation . . ." What a mockery, what a still-born judgment! To what deliberate violations of this sacred pledge did he not sign his name and put his country's honor in trust at Paris! Each passing year has made plainer that democracy was never so unsafe, that the rights of small nations were never so jeopardized—those small nations to whom Mr. Wilson pledged the victory, and "the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience." His own nation still subjugates Haiti, to the conquest of which he personally sent our troops to take a toll of 3,500 Haitians officially reported dead; it still overruns Nicaragua with marines, and threatens Mexico because its people demand the "privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience." To Russians we deny this same privilege because we hate the form their revolution has taken, and think infinitely more of our individual properties than of their human rights.

In Europe the crass and cruel injustices of the peace treaty still cry to high Heaven for redress. In the Tyrol as in other states they curse the name of Wilson, the author of their misery. There is evidence that today the Germans are more popular in France than the Americans; that the acclaim which greeted our plunge into the war has turned to envy, bitterness, and open revolt at what they call their bond-slavery to our Treasury. Everywhere in Europe the tide of hatred against America rises. Before he died Woodrow Wilson himself said: "I would like to see Germany clean up France"—adding, "I would like to meet Jusserand and tell him that to his face"; the French invasion of the Ruhr was for him the last straw, the climax of "French bad faith, ingratitude, and avarice," the final pricking of his self-blown bubble that the peace would spell "justice done at every point to every nation." Yet he died still blind to the fact that he chose the worst method in the world to achieve his purposes; the method that made success impossible.

With the menace of a new war in the Balkans hanging over Europe, on this tenth anniversary of our joining the war to end war; with more, and more dangerous, treaties of offense and defense in effect than ever before; with probably as many men under arms in time of peace as bore them in July, 1914; with all Europe headed straight toward an economic alliance against their "saviors" of 1917, only a man with superb indifference to truth and the realities can assert that the Americans who fell in France did not die in vain; that the world is better off for the blood-bath from which it emerged in 1918 with all its evil passions unleashed. To scan extracts from Mr. Wilson's utterances made when war began is to read the proof of the total failure of the United States to achieve a single one of its major objectives. True, the Hohenzollern fell, but the system of which they were but a revolting product remains. The virus of it has entered our own American veins. Moreover, most of our Allies in the war to banish war are today busily engaged in placing every obstacle in the way of disarmament. In eleven European countries despots wipe their feet upon the prostrate bodies of Liberty and Democracy, though none but Mussolini dares to avow it and to boast of profaning the twin goddesses in behalf of whom Woodrow Wilson summoned this country to war.

Force—force without stint—Wilson called for and used, and two million Americans made the great parade across the Atlantic. True, we kept faith with the war-makers' promises that we sought and would take no recompense for ourselves—no land, no booty, no indemnity. But the parade lies nine years to the rear of us and the world is unchanged; the great objectives unachieved. Hate, bitterness, tariff hostilities, the lust for power, for more places in the sun, for more colonies, for the domination of this sea and that littoral—these are our daily grist of news. The ideals of 1917, the hopes, the ambitions, the pictures painted by the smoothest of orators—where are they now? Based on lies, but-

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tressed by endless hypocrisies, fortified by tales of crimes that were never committed, championed by ignorance of what it was all about and of the historical background and implications, the victory was gained only to be utterly lost.

Ever since it has seemed as if America *had* lost its soul. There are voices heard in every direction, nothing clear and nothing definite; no leadership, no guidance, no appeal to our nobler selves. We lost the war and we are drunk by a prosperity which has made us so indifferent that, the gates being left unguarded, the domestic enemy has entered and taken every salient and every trench. What has the country gained at home? Where are the causes that Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt championed in 1912 and until we went into the war? Has the nation found spiritual peace and content? Does it face the future united, unafraid, resolute to progress, to continue the development of a sound democracy devoted to justice, jealous of the rights of each and every one? Read the platform and speeches of Woodrow Wilson when he first sought the Presidency and you read of things as remote as the days of Lincoln. There lie promises unfulfilled, a program shattered; a new way of life unchampioned today, yes forgotten. The crassest of materialism reigns in Washington by grace of Woodrow Wilson's plunge into the war, and where materialism is there sits corruption. The Denbys, the Falls, the Daughertys, the Dohenys, now all condemned by one court or another, are some of the responses to the appeals for war, to the setting free of the passions that war spells. These are some of the most striking results of the effort to achieve righteousness at home and abroad by unparalleled blood-letting.

Who speaks now of the referendum, recall, and initiative, of the popular control of our natural resources? Who demands that the people shall master their government? Who denounces monopoly? How few excoriate, as did Mr. Wilson, the situation under which, to use his words, "a comparatively small number of men control the water-powers" and the railroads; yes, "control prices" and "the larger credits of the country." "There is hardly a part of the United States where men are not aware," Mr. Wilson declared unchallenged, "that secret private purposes and interests have been running the government." Today—1927? Why, we have thrown wide open the doors and invited in these same few dominating men and their followers and turned over the government to them—and the man who opened those doors was Woodrow Wilson himself. It is now a government by, for, and of Big Business, with its completely subservient employee in the White House.

"His master's voice has spoken," said Woodrow Wilson on reading President Coolidge's message to Congress in December, 1921. It did not breathe, he declared, one single human hope; but he still could not see that he himself had foreordained the election of Calvin Coolidge on that fateful April morning in 1917 when he threw every liberal cause overboard in favor of force without stint, in favor of our intercession in an Old World quarrel as hoary as the ages. History would have told him that, if he had listened to it, and human experience could have proved to him that no war but brings in its train the triumph of conservatism, of reaction, with corruption unending. So it has been with us. The business world we were to have rendered untrammeled, with special regard for the little man, is more than ever trammeled by greed and privilege; the industry we must humanize is still not humanized. The plain people for all their movies and motors and radios are neither "cheered nor inspirited" with prospects of social justice and due reward. The mockery of the courts, the failure of justice, the lawlessness of constituted authorities—these still face us and were abated not a whit by all the high-sounding phrases by which we were lured to wholesale murder just ten years ago.

Of course the contrary is today being written. We are told that the country was united by the war as never before. Yes, united by conscription, united by the terror of an inquisition, united by the padlock and the jail, united by the mob! What specious falsifying of history! Woodrow Wilson himself said in 1915 to the newly naturalized citizens he was so soon to persecute and prosecute: "Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred." Well might he have added: "And not by vilification, not by discrimination, not by the compulsion of consciences, not by the dashing under foot of the inviolable rights of peoples and mankind, not by the murder of millions." The scars of these ten years cut deep; they are not expunged; they are not forgotten; they were not given new cuticle by the Armistice nor by the Treaty of Versailles. Everywhere sections pull against each other, bloc works against bloc, and the bulk of the men who fought in France are today the least liberal, the most immune from all the ideas of social justice and human rights which Wilson preached—until April 6, 1917.

Politically the country lies dead. Between the parties there are no issues, no fundamental differences. It now appears as if the question in 1928 would be: Shall we have a Protestant or a Catholic, a Wet or a Dry? The choice will be between two men who have not as yet glimpsed the possibilities of the leadership this, our America, might exercise beyond all the seas. The one in power mocks our democracy and our humanity in Nicaragua, in Mexico, in China. Bullets, bullets, bullets—these are his threats, these his remedies—ten years after we were told that justice alone was thereafter to rule the world and that strong nations should not be "free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and their intent." Ten years after the utter futility of force was proved to all mankind!

Woodrow Wilson's Wisest Words

They imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory. . . . Only a peace between equals can last. Only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit. The right state of mind, the right feeling between nations, is as necessary for a lasting peace as is the just settlement of vexed questions of territory or of racial and national allegiance. . . . I am proposing, as it were, that the nations should with one accord adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world: that no nation should seek to extend its polity over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful.
—From Woodrow Wilson's Address to the Senate, January 22, 1917.

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No, the America of 1927 is materially great and rich and prosperous; it is not generous and not just. It is without tolerance and has so little confidence in its ideals and its governmental structure that it is ready to jail one and all who dissent. The mere mention of a new social order, the preaching of a new economic dogma, sends thrills of fear down the spines of our masters in Wall Street and Washington. We have barred our doors to the immigrants we once invited so cordially. We are no longer an asylum to those who flee for the sake of their consciences and their beliefs; to London and to Paris go the victims of oppression and tyranny in search of liberty—not to New York. Behind every action of life in America lies the menace of force, of uncontrolled power; of the small all-powerful number who would padlock and banish and regiment precisely as did the Kaiser. Nowhere is the individual free to his own way of life; free speech is a joke, the right of assembly no longer a right, but the gift of a mayor or a chief of police—in a country protected from the Hun and made safe for democracy.

But why go on? The hands of time were turned back, not advanced by the war. Old battlegrounds once gained have been lost, one by one, and are now to be re-won. The whole liberal movement scarcely breathes; the labor giant prefers to lie bound by the threads of Lilliputians, the politicians. The day of awakening is postponed by the very war that was to have made men free. But only postponed. The streams of conscience and of liberty can be dammed, not dried. They may shrink to rivulets. They will again be rivers. Only, however, if the determination to be free remains in men's hearts. Only if they will see the truth that there is no enemy of mankind like the sword. Woodrow Wilson took it up. It seemed to exalt and then—so fell the angels! By the sword he perished. By it will perish all liberty, all progress, humanity itself, if it be not forever sheathed.

America's War-Time Socialism

By REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Building a National Industrial Machine

A YEAR before we went to war, industry began to get ready. The Naval Consulting Board and the army's Kernan Board were making industrial surveys early in 1916; and in the summer the Council of National Defense was set up. In the first months of 1917 the Munitions Standards Board and later the General Munitions Board came into existence. Out of the problems met by these early industrial bodies arose the demand for coordination which resulted in a unique economic experiment—the War Industries Board. President Wilson may have conceived the function of this body in military terms, as issuing orders and penalizing their non-fulfilment. If he did, Mr. Bernard Baruch, the chairman, had a different idea. To him the enterprise of war was a vast cooperation. The industrial system was to run as one well-oiled machine, but it was to run on a volunteer basis with plenty of play for individuality.

To understand why he succeeded, it is necessary to appreciate the situation into which he stepped. American industry, by 1917, had had the three swiftest years of its history. Greatest activity, greatest price changes, greatest profits, greatest building programs, greatest internal changes set these three years apart. Cautious attitudes toward over-equipment, customary wage-levels, trade secrecy, and hallowed management practices had all been modified. There was an ever-expanding demand; no one needed to worry about markets. Profits were high and certain. All that had to be done was to make the wheels go round and the product come out, faster and faster and faster. If there was any difficulty about technique technicians, workmen, and plans were provided. On the whole, the war was an industrial engineer's Utopia.

Each of the great industries formed a committee with headquarters in Washington. Here they were brought into contact with the source of orders—for soon all the Allies' buying was concentrated and apportioned. Needs were classified. Each unit of industry was given the work which it could do best. Industries which furnished raw or semi-finished goods to finishing industries were gradually brought in. Industries which made goods for civilian consumption had also to become part of the system, since, in so many ways, they were linked to the ones which were doing outright war work. Before the Armistice, the system was nearly perfected and a mission had gone abroad to tie up our national system with that of the Allies. We were on the verge of having an international industrial machine when peace broke.

The Railway, Food, and Fuel administrations had been functioning throughout almost this same period. In many ways their work closely paralleled that of the War Industries Board, with jointures here and there. For the railways needed cars, locomotives, and rails; food is a factory product; and fuel is raw factory power. The organizations came closer and closer administratively until a productive coordination was effected.

It would be a mistake to assume that this revolution took place without costly errors, some recalcitrance, even some dishonesty; but a ten-year perspective makes it more impressive, to me at least, than it seemed when we were in the midst of it. Then all seemed disorder and meaningless change; now, across the gulf of post-war chaos, there appears to have been a remarkable industrial achievement. For the thing worked. Goods were produced. An army of two million was carried across the sea, well fed and well clothed, the civil population was so prosperous that it disgusted the soldiers, and to the Allies were sent some billions of dollars' worth of materials.

Competition Abandoned

This achievement required a revolution in our customary arrangements. The essence of our economic theory had been distilled into the Sherman Act, with later additions in the Clayton and Federal Trade Commission acts. We conceived voluntary activity and free competition as guardian angels which hovered over business everywhere, adjusting functions to one another, protecting individuals and groups in their mutual dealings, and stimulating all concerned to the requisite enterprise. This ideal sought to dominate a rebellious reality; and, having its source in the authoritative texts of the economists and in the minds of statesmen, its existence had been secured even down through

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"the new freedom" of the pre-war Wilson. Most of the work of the Department of Justice and of the Federal Trade Commission had, until 1917, consisted in breaking up the "trusts." It was about the most consistent single governmental policy we had. But this whole ideology had to be modified if industry was to accomplish more in war than it had in peace.

So it was that the old system melted away in the fierce new heat of nationalistic vision. The Government now, so far as industry was concerned, was staffed by big-business men who had few hampering ideas but a singular flair for administration. There were none who thought the competitive system sufficient for war. The industries, drawn together in the various committees of the War Industries Board, discovered that they had most of their affairs in common. There ensued an era of combination such as put the pale efforts of the nineties to shame. And where outright combination did not develop, trade associations, under various names, perfected working organizations and began to exchange information of all kinds, including the most jealously guarded of trade secrets. So far as operations were concerned they were as close-coupled as the units of a single organization. There came to be a free reservoir of technical knowledge which even yet has not been drained. And where the various units of industry held back from this new intimacy the new government officials—not the Department of Justice, which was hunting first spies and later reds—found ways, sometimes gentle, sometimes a little rough, of forcing the very combinations which had always been thought to be unholy.

It soon became apparent that industry under its coordinated guidance and with its new cooperative efficiency possessed not only an enhanced power to produce but a dangerous advantage in the markets. The strength developed for the sake of production could be used—and was—for the purpose of exploiting the buyers of its products. Part of this difficulty was met by the consolidation of all government buying in the coordinated subsections of the War Industries Board. This was not enough. The Government bought enormously; but private buying was always much greater. In order to keep down the price of steel, it was necessary to do more than fix a price for what the Government required. Much steel was going into machines, automobiles, building construction, and other industries which, although only indirectly connected with the war, were none the less essential. Nor could wages be kept down on government contracts, many of which were of the "cost plus" variety, if food prices kept rising. These new problems were met quite calmly. The same group which had set out so unheroically to create a productive machine determined to keep it from clogging its own progress with prohibitory prices.

If they ever meant to abolish profits, they were unsuccessful. But there is nothing to show that they meant to do this. They intended rather to set a price high enough to include the producers who made the "marginal goods"—in the economists' phrase—those produced under conditions of greatest expense, which it was nevertheless necessary to have. That there would still be profits—large ones—for those concerns whose costs of production were low was obvious. But if the old competition for prices in the market could be transformed into a competition for lowered costs, that would be a valuable service. So the big profits were in a sense a sign of efficiency rather than of gouging consumers. This system developed gradually. Part of it had to wait for the organization of statistical staffs and the collection of hitherto non-existent data. Part of it came directly under the board; part was assimilated more nearly to the Food and Fuel administrations. It got under way in 1918; and only the Armistice prevented a great experiment in control of production, control of price, and control of consumption. As it was, the whole process was left at a somewhat inconclusive stage when demobilization began.

Control of production and price proved easier than control of consumption. Ordinarily, rising prices could be trusted to act as a check as goods grew scarcer. With prices held down, some other method had to be devised. The priorities system regulated the flow of goods. But it was different when it came to persuading workmen not to buy pianos or silk shirts with their much-advertised high wages—which some, at least, were getting. We never reached the stage of allotment by a rationing system, such as the other nations used; or of forbidding the manufacture of silk shirts. We depended upon publicity campaigns—for low-milled bread, for resoling old shoes, and for gasoline-less Sundays. Old clothes became, for a time, almost fashionable; and one went motoring with a guilty conscience. It was costly, but effective. Perhaps it would not have survived years of struggle; certainly it depended considerably upon emotional response to the heavy odor of melodrama in the Wilsonian phrase. And it was always more effective among those with a typical middle-class stake in events than among the workers, who were surprised and pleased by their new access to hitherto unattainable goods.

The one thing in this elaborate system of control which was never seen clearly was the financial policy it called for. It seems to me that we should have paid for the war out of taxation as we went along and that we should never have made governmental loans to our Allies. This would have been possible. The process of producing goods engenders the income to buy them. It was only a question of getting the income into the Treasury. We could have got it there as well by taxation as by liberty loans; the same funds were available for either use. But we were afraid to tap the obvious sources of surplus—corporation profits. We preferred to dally with taxes on ice-cream cones and movie tickets.

We did issue loans and we permitted them—through the rediscounting machinery of the new and untried Federal Reserve System—to add to an already alarming inflation. Workers—and manufacturers too—suffered from the price-vagaries to which this inflation contributed throughout the war and post-war periods. It was the great element of uncertainty in the whole system of control. And if we had never made loans to our Allies but had frankly presented them with war-materials we should not have been under the still present illusion that we were carrying on purely commercial transactions with them for which we should eventually be paid. The need for financial administration failed to call forth the organizing genius which built up the other controls which were on the whole so successfully devised.

Internal Changes in Industry

This system of coordinations and voluntary controls, it must be remembered, was imposed upon an industry which had, for several years, been producing war goods at the height of its haphazard capacity. There was a jumble of orders and prices, the Eastern industrial region was more crowded with war orders than other regions, the Allies competed with each other to place contracts, manufacturers

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bought where they could in the quantities they could get regardless of others' requirements; all this it was the function of an industrial general staff to straighten out. Gradually, plants for making gas-holders were converted into airplane factories; carpet manufacturers began to make blankets and duck; automobile-makers produced airplane parts; lumber mills cut and shaped ship-timbers and airplane spruce; refrigerator factories made field-hospital tables; furniture-plants made ammunition-boxes; shirt-factories made mosquito-nets and signal flags.

The normal progress of a decade was compressed into every year. Much of the accumulated technical knowledge which had been piling up from the time of Frederick W. Taylor's first inventions suddenly became accessible through the opportunity to rebuild plant, replan processes, and introduce a completed serialization. These impulses to change ran like a regenerative flame through the old industrial structure. Progress was accelerated by a number of factors: (1) The certainty of demand and of profits; (2) the ease of obtaining funds; (3) the pooling of trade secrets; (4) the simplification and standardization of materials and processes; and (5) the coordinations of war-time control.

"The profits of all corporations in the United States," David Friday says in his "Profits, Wages and Prices," "had never exceeded $4,000,000,000 until 1913. Under the stimulus of war demand, with its high prices and increased production, profits reached the astounding figure of $10,700,000,000 in 1917." Not all kinds of industry participated, of course, in this prosperity. It was concentrated mostly in the mining and manufacturing industries; but for these "the earnings in 1917 were almost exactly 330 per cent of those of 1913, the highest pre-war year."

With profits on this scale rolling in, and with price levels always rising and thus promising higher ones, it is no wonder that some voluntary reorganization of industry took place through the efforts to expand for greater volume of production. When there was superposed on this mighty drift a concerted effort toward internal technical efficiency and a subordination of formerly independent units to a coordinated plan, a new industrial revolution could be said to be well under way.

Industries which did not readily respond to an invitation to combine were actually called together in Washington and read curtain lectures by officials of the Government for not doing what they would have been punished for a few months earlier. Each industry pooled its techniques, standardized its tools, machines, styles, qualities, and processes on the best, took its orders, and proceeded to make goods as they were never made before—or since.

Demobilization

It must have been sheer momentum which carried us into the middle of 1920. For as soon after the Armistice as they could get away, the dollar-a-year men drifted out of Washington. The control staffs were broken up, price and consumption restraints were removed, and the railways were handed back to their owners. There was, of course, need for abnormal amounts of peace goods to repair war-time loss or neglect, and there were shortages because of the time involved in shifting productive processes again. But before long the inevitable headache began. Prices had risen in crescendo after the controls were abandoned; the European market was cut off because buyers there lacked the wherewithal to pay, except with goods, and these we banned by tariffs. Suddenly we discovered that our tremendous productive power was flooding the markets with goods which could not be sold with any profit. And so we proceeded into several years of depression.

Under war-pressure industry had experimented with a kind of voluntary socialism—and liked it. It liked the substitution of solidarity for suspicion, of unity for compelled disunion, of cooperation for competition, of a common purpose for haphazard growth. But when the war was over, old ideas which had been in suspension again stirred in politicians' minds, the Department of Justice turned from hunting Reds to hunting trusts, tariffs were raised. The Supreme Court drew a long breath and eyed the war powers arrogated by the Administration with the chilly disfavor which recently found expression in the Tyson case, decisively turning back legislative efforts to regulate prices, excusing its former complaisance in such cases as the New York rent laws by using the phrase "controlling emergency."

As a result of this post-war lassitude and the recrudescence of old ideas, we have returned—as far as the Government can effect it—to the days of 1910. But industry, in spite of obvious handicaps, has not slipped all the way. It finds itself with an overcapacity caused by faulty coordination and restricted demand, and with other maladjustments. And it has frankly gone back to its policy of price-competition, which is so wasteful and so damaging to consumers' interests. But its internal operating technique, as contrasted with the technique of its organization, improves steadily. Research, standardization, machinization, serialization, personnel administration—all have continued to go forward since the war.

Among other conspicuous developments there is the fact that some 30,000 men, in some 500 research laboratories, established as adjuncts of business, are at work on these problems of technique. The per-man-hour productivity index has as a result of this and other causes had the most startling rise in all industrial history. For the automotive industry this rise actually amounts to a change from an index of 100 in 1914 to 310 in 1925, one hundred points of that gain being since the war.

A recent report of the National Bureau of Economic Research carries our annual income for 1926 up to the staggering figure of nearly 90 billion dollars, which is an increase of 36 per cent in five years—since 1921. And this was for a period of general price decline! This report says that "incomes of the gainfully occupied in 1926 averaged $2,010 as compared with $1,537 in 1921. In terms of money of constant purchasing power the gainfully occupied person received one-fourth more than in 1917, and about 44 per cent more than in 1919."

Yet there is something wrong somewhere. For in spite of these great advances, the per-man-hour index of productivity in most industries would have led any one who depended upon them alone to the conclusion that we should have registered a greater increase in income. And the Census Bureau's general physical volume index of production registers only a 19 per cent increase since 1923 instead of the 100 or more per cent which might have been expected. We ought to have done better, even taking productive technique as it is. It seems plain that our social arrangements are managing to dissipate about half of our manifest power. The leakage cannot be measured exactly or the responsibility accurately assigned, but I believe that the kind of system we started to develop during the war would have reduced this friction immensely, and that in going back to the old hap-

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hazard, unregulated competition we chose the worst among the alternatives for general organization.

The sole representative of the War Industries idea in Washington today is Mr. Hoover, and the contrast between the activities of his Department and the attitude of President Coolidge and his Department of Justice is amusing and instructive.

When Adam Smith, in 1776, wrote the words which destroyed mercantilism and started *laissez-faire* on a career of a century and a half, he established himself as the "father of political economy." Mr. Baruch, who bearded that system in Washington, its holy of holies, and set a superior system in its place, deserves a title too. His valedictory as war-time chief of staff for industry was a message to Americans in time of peace:

> We continue to argue . . . that the principles of competition can be preserved to protect the interests of the public and insure efficiency. The Sherman and Clayton acts represent little more than moderately ambitious efforts to reduce by government interference the processes of business so as to make them conform to the simpler principles sufficient for the conditions of a bygone day.

In a paragraph or two he sketched the fostering of combination and association during the war and the technical results which followed the dual policy of encouraging large-scale operations and controlling prices to consumers, drawing the clear inference that if this was a good policy for war, it must be as good for peace. He asked for a positive rather than a negative program and recommended the experience of the Industries Board as throwing light on these possibilities. He asked, in fact, for a

> governmental agency, with constructive as well as inquisitorial powers—an agency whose duty it should be to encourage such cooperation and coordination in industry as should tend to increase production, eliminate waste, conserve resources, improve the quality of products, promote efficiency in operation . . . and should, at the same time, be clothed with the power and charged with the responsibility of standing watch against and preventing abuses.

Perhaps we shall turn back to these pages some time for a reformulation of industrial policy, but not while Calvin Coolidge and his confreres can thrust back the tides of progress. Mr. Coolidge, vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill said it was "an entire reversal of what has been heretofore thought to be sound. . . . It runs counter to the well-considered principle that a healthy economic condition is best maintained through a free play of competition." I think that most of the bigger business men would stand witness that the earnest pursuit of that principle would have lost us the war. But then war is war; and peace is only peace.

A'wa Tseighe Comes Home from the War

By MARY AUSTIN

HOW come I going to this war? Well, sir, me an this San Juan Pueblo boy, name Onorio Sotero, we been going to Santa Fe Indian School, U. S. Government, ever since we been kids, learnen good educashun. We got geogafy and fractions an the capitals of Europe, an readen Hiawatha, an all that. But when we get back to our Pueblo we not knowen what to do with all this good educashun. Cause all them old back numbers at my Pueblo, they aint care bout nothing but maken good corn crop like they been doing ever since they come out of the ground, an menden the irrigating ditch, an maybe stealen a little grass for the cattle off government land. Well, this San Juan boy write me there aint nothing doing for good educashuned boy in his Pueblo, so I going up there to visit him, an see what we going do with all this lotsa educashun we got.

Thass in 1917 right after first corn hoeing; an long come one U. S. government moving picture, all about this war, an those German Kaisers, an everything. An they say all Mericans got a right to enlist. This San Juan boy, name Sotero, he sayen to me, "By Golly!" he says, "we otto go over there an put those Kaisers in hell." Thass what he sayen; and I say "What I caren who's in hell. I'm no Christian."

"Well," he say, "we got all this good educashun; we got the biggest country an the best army, an everything. We gotta go over there an show 'em." Thass how.

All people ver' pleased in my Pueblo when they hear I enlist. My mother she kine scare I be killed, but my father, hees Priest of the Bow, an he getten all those other priest, an that Sun priest, all those *officiales*, an they worken in the kiva—thass all same Indian church—four days they work, maken all kine medicine from old days. Course I know thass all foolishness, but I didden hurt their feelings, on account my father he think thass going make so nothing hurt me all time that war last. Sotero, hees old men they worken for him. But those San Juan Pueblaños, they aint maken good medicine no more. They quarrellen all time in that Pueblo on account they got political fractions. Sotero he getten little piece of shrapnel in hees shoulder. Well, sir, I aint sayen anything cause hees my friend, an hees maken like he is some soldier on account that wound stripe hees getten. An no feller can't help it if his people got political fractions, but maybe if they didden got those politics like they got in San Juan, he been come home like me without nothing happen to him.

But we aint neither of us sorry we went to that war. I tell you, I been thinken lots more better bout Mericans since I been belongen to that Merican army. All time in my Pueblo those *caciques* been tellen us, "Merican boys too soft; can't fight, can't run, can't do nothing like us Indians." Well, sir, I aint believen that no more. I tell you, if some those Merican Doughboys aint got Indian blood in 'em, they got a right to. They're sure 'nough scrappers! Nother thing like Indians, those Doughboys always changen everybody's name; more like what they are. That San Juan boy, name Onorio Sotero, they callen Brown-bread, an me they callen Hot-Biscuit. Thass Merican joke. Then me an Sotero name one officer Turtle-top. You know that mountain by Albuquerque, name Sandia—Watermelon, only the Tewas callen it Oku—Turtle? Well, sir, if that officer sleep on hees back he look like that Watermelon Mountain; an when he saluten, or anything, he moven hees head round inside his collar. Well, sir, he aint call nothing after that but Old Turtle-top. Sure! Those Merican Doughboys an those Indians they understanden each another first rate.

When we come along by those Italy boys—yeh, thass

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where we been fighten in my company—some little fellers, kinda sawed off, like they been livin' at Walapi or maybe Acoma. We callen them Roosters on account they got bunches of rooster's feathers on their hats. We liken them, too. Thass where we meet that Oglalla Sioux, name McKinley Two-Elk. Hees one fine feller.

Me an that McKinley Two-Elk, we teachen those soldiers all kinsa Indian dances, only all those Mericans an those Roosters call all our dances scalp dances. Seem like they don't like no other kine dances only scalp dances. Thass what I'm tellen you. What for you all time asken bout those Oklahoma dances when I all time showen you better: Corn dance, Basket dance, and lotsa other kine?

Well, sir, I don' understand them things. Like I don' understand why you wanten to know bout those Oklahoma dance. But I tellen you just the same. Anyway those Oklahoma Indians, they likely to do most anything, so when I hear they going to have scalp dance, I aint surprise. Thass long bout five–six months after I come home from this war. Sotero he writes me a letter, tellen me that. Then a bunch of Navahoes come through my Pueblo, they tellen. An some Santo Domingo boys, they say maybe they go over to Oklahoma for little trip soon as they get their corn in. So I write Sotero to meet me at Albuquerque an bring money—cause he getten money from the U. S. Government on account that piece shrapnel in hees shoulder—an I say "Less go see old soldier friends an hear some news."

Well, sir, when we get off the train where we going, there's some boys from Taos on horseback, and some Navahoes with team an wagon. So we going along together, an bymby we meet some Jicarilla Apaches driven some of their cattle. One of those boys he been in my company, an I asken him, "Where you going with them steers?" an he asken me, "Where you think you be when I get there, Doughboy?"

Every day we meet more Indians, an plenty Indian sign tellen which trail to take for the reunion. All kindsa Indians, Mescaleros and White Mountain Apaches, Papagoes, an Pimos, they didden have no scalps, they didden do those kine things; an those Apaches say they didden, and those Navahoes. Only Navahoes, they mostly liars. Well, by golly, when we got to that place, they got maybe three–four hundred Indians; Sioux an Blackfeet an Comanches, Utes an Paiutes, an Cherokees an Creeks, an lots kine I didden never know before. Maybe sixty or eighty got uniforms, like me an Sotero. One feller he got Corporal's stripes; some got wound stripes, some got medals, an some got crutches. One feller he got a bugle. If anybody got scalps he aint showen 'em. Me an Sotero, we give one look round an we start yellen like we been scalp oursels when we see that McKinley Two-Elk. Hees been getten one artifishul arm since Italy, he showen to those old bucks from away back, make their eyes stick out. I tellen the world we glad to see each another again! Lotsa other Doughboys, too, that we been knowen in that war! we all hit each another on the back, just like Mericans, an talken Merican war language, cause we didden know each another's, an Indian sign language, an all kine things.

Well, sir, that was one swell reunion! Everybody feel good; lotsa eats; whole steers they roasten, an *frijoles* an coffee; an those Oklahoma Indians that belong to those oil lands, bringen their ottomobiles full all kine grub like what we have in the army, white bread, an cakes, an canned pineapple, an cigarettes, an chewing gum. Swell! An not a white man on the place. Not a damn one! All that day we eaten, an visiten each another, an that night we have speeches. All those old war chiefs and big men from different tribes, they speaken to us Doughboys. Me, I one interpreter, on account I got all this lotsa educashun, an McKinley Two-Elk he interpreten Sioux an Cheyenne an Blackfeet, an two–three other languages, an four–five other interpreters, so every feller he hear what they sayen in his own language. Cause those old men that speaken, they kinda ignorant, they don't speak Merican, only those language what they got. Next day we dance.

Well, now, I going tell you bout those scalp dance. White people seem like they didden understand scalp dance. They think scalp dance is all on account they given those ennemy hell. But Indians didden have no hell in their religion. When they killen those ennemy, they didden go off to heaven an hell, they stay right round old home place maken all kine trouble. Cause they mad they been scalp. If you don' want no trouble with ennemy after they been kill you gotta take those scalp an have dance to make friends with 'em right away. Huh! I been hearen Mexican soldiers talken at that Merican Legion, Montoya y Montoya Post No. 1, how everything been happen pretty darn bad to those Europe Peoples since that war been finished. That didden surprise no Indian soldiers. Indians know since long time back, that soon as they killen those ennemy they gotta have scalp dance, adopten those ennemy in their tribe so they don't make no more trouble for 'em. Sposen we got some German scalps at those reunion? Well, those Germans, all what got kill in that war, they pretty good Indians by this time. Then we ain't sayen no more bad bout those Germans, sayen everything good, like they damn good fighters an much brave. Cause they belongen to Merican tribe now, on account those scalp dance.

Well, sir, I guess my father been round when my mother packen my suit case. What you think? When I get to that place I find all my father's dance clothes; moccasins, feathers, paint; every darn thing. An my grandfather's shield like he usen when he fighten those Navaho long time back. Thass one swell shield; buffalo hide, with long hair all round—Navaho hair—an rattlesnake an thunderbird painted on it. My grandfather he been one sure'nough fighter. So I sayen, "well, I got all these swell clothes; I might as well dance."

McKinley Two-Elk, he got one first-class Sioux war suit an bonnet. One White River Ute, he got one dance suit all solid bead work, all colors. Swell! Lotsa other fellers, they dancen too, but we three the best looken. An one old chief I bet hees a hundred years old, they callen Pottowatomie—though I didden know where that tribe been liven—he aint hardly got no clothes, only paint an deer skin, like old times, an he so weak he gotta be held up at first. But soon as he get warmed up, by golly! you otta see that old feller dance! An that McKinley Two-Elk! I bet you could see daylight under that feller's feet every minute.

Well, we dancen, an those medicine men an Sun priests, they worken round that Medicine Lodge. All those other old chiefs singen, an the drums going. Bymby everybody singen an dancen, like they do in their own place. Every tribe Indians, they got scalp dance, only they all different. Like Christians. So every tribe getten together with their own, dancen and singen, like they been Baptists, or maybe Presbyterians. Two–three hours they going like that, not

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thinken bout no Germans nor no white men, nor nothing, only feelen good in their heart. An all at once that bugler boy he blowen like hell, "Lights Out," an all those three–four hundred Indians an twenty drums, they stop like they been shot. I didden see nothing, only the sun going down, an I thinken thass what he blowen for; an then I hearen whisper, "White man, white man" like a wind in four hundred trees, an all those Indians turnen one way, like the wind blowen 'em. Sure'nough, there was one white officer man sittin on one horse like he been there long time.

Well, I don' know how that was, only somebody give one war whoop, an all those soldier boys been runnen an whoopen like hell. Me, I runnen an yellen, with my grandfather's shield and war club, an all those old men looken scare, but yellen like the rest. Well, sir, that officer man he sitten there kinda grinnen, an I thinken thass funny, an hearen myself yell like one wild Indian, an not knowen what I going do. All at once I see that McKinley Two-Elk grab that horse's bridle an shouten, "Three cheers for old Turtle-top." Well, sir, if you think they yell before that, you oughtta heard 'em then!

Well, we all showen Old Turtle-top round that camp, an feeden him, an putten war bonnet on him, an teachen him scalp dance.

Well after supper we dance some more, an Turtle-top he dancen. Everybody dance. All those drums been going, an those camp fires, an that bugler he sitten off on one hill playen all old songs like we learnen in that war. Bymby I don't remember bout Turtle-top, nor that U. S. Government School where I been going all those years. I thinken bout my grandfather, an all old time Indians. Seem like they all comen back, dancen with us, all just Indians, an not no white men. Like all those old peopels comen on that Spirit Road going across the sky, touchen those Oklahoma hills, an be-en happy with us. An I ain't tired nor nothing, only maybe like I been drunk, an dancen all that night. Well, sir, when I waken up bout 10 o'clock next morning, all those Indians been pull their freight. Only just Navahoes an some Utes an Paiutes what live long way off, an those Oklahoma that taken away that Medicine Lodge. Turtle-top gone, an that Oglalla Sioux name McKinley Two-Elk. So me an that San Juan boy, name Onorio Sotero, we fixen to ride back with those White River Utes what have some friends in Taos, and show them the way. Thass all.

The Moral Losses of the War

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"HE is a bold man," says Judge Bausman, in his latest book, "Facing Europe," "who will say that, if the United States had known in 1917 what we know now about the origins of the war and the purposes of the Allies, we would ever have gone into the conflict." Had we known, in other words, that the origins of the war were primarily Russian and French instead of German, and that the purposes of the Allies were not to save civilization and make the world safe for democracy, but to advance their own imperialistic interests at the expense of the Central Empires, we would in all probability not have joined in the fight.

It is still more doubtful that we would have gone to war in 1917 had we been able to foresee what the struggle was to cost us in men, money, and morals. No loss would be lamented, perhaps, if the European conflict had been what it was represented to be, or had ended in the great achievements of democracy and peace which were promised as the reward of sacrifice. But when we discover, as we have now discovered, that the war was dishonest from the beginning, and that we were enticed into the conflict by devices of deceit to ends of betrayal both of ourselves and of humanity, it may be well to ask what we have paid for our mess of pottage.

We began to pay within a few weeks after President Wilson issued his proclamation declaring "that a state of war exists between the United States and the Imperial German Government." At that time nobody imagined that we would contribute to the conflict anything more than money, supplies, ships, and a part of our navy. But soon it began to be whispered about that the Allies needed troops, and before we realized what it all meant, the manhood of the nation was drafted for service overseas. There was placed upon the federal statute-books a Conscription Act which outdid the Prussian system in sweep and rigor, and established forever in this country the legal and moral precedent of compulsory military service in foreign wars. Moreover, a militaristic spirit was conjured up like a demonic presence to plague the nation for generations to come. It lives today in such organizations as the American Legion and the R. O. T. C. It shows its ugly and malign head in impudent demands for control of public policy and expenditure of public funds. It undertakes to use education for its own ends, to subdue religion to its own purposes, and, by arrogating to itself all virtue, to impose its own brutish standards upon the public life. The United States is not militarized yet by any means; the innate common sense of the people still stands as a barrier against the flood. But the dikes were weakened by the war, and another swollen torrent of arms may carry them away.

The price for our indulgence in the European orgy took a big leap upward with the passage of the so-called Espionage Act. This law did not violate the Constitution in any technical legal sense, if we are to trust the decision of the Supreme Court; but pragmatically speaking, it destroyed the First Amendment, corner-stone of our Bill of Rights, which specifically forbids the making of any federal law "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," with (curiously enough!) no exceptions or reservations for war time! Administered by vigorous and unscrupulous officials of the Gregory and Palmer type, this Espionage Act was straightway utilized as a first-class weapon of political tyranny. Dissenting opinion of every kind was drastically suppressed. Clergymen in their pulpits, editors at their printing-presses, political and labor leaders on their platforms and in their offices, all who dared to oppose or even criticize the dicta of government, were promptly arrested and thrust into jail. For the first time the political offender became a conspicuous figure in American life. But the Government was not content to hunt individuals merely. Whole minority groups, such as the I. W. W. during the war and

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the Communists after the war, were pursued by practices of persecution hitherto unknown in this country. The Terror appeared among us—first as a weapon directed against aliens and outlaws, then as a scourge laid upon the backs of the public in the appropriately named "drives" for Liberty loans, Red Cross subscriptions, and support of other enterprises pertaining to the war. Suddenly no man was safe. Letters were opened, telephone wires tapped, "undercover" men planted, *agents provocateurs* distributed, homes raided, and families seized or scattered. By every device known to autocrats from the days of Rome down, the Government hunted and herded the people till they became a mob, driven by fear almost to panic. Madness everywhere possessed us; and this madness endures today in forms of intolerance and hate which make our American life one of the ugliest spectacles of the contemporary world. Taught to test loyalty by submission and character by conformity, we rage against the heresy of disagreement. Having lost our practice of freedom, we have, of course, lost with it our reverence for freedom. The hardy temper of independent manhood, the fine, free spirit of enlightened liberalism, has disappeared. Free thought was never so hazardous, free speech never so difficult, in America as it is today. And lest we falter in our new-won Toryism, and revert to happier days, the Espionage Act remains upon the statute-book, like a death's head at a feast, to remind us of our doom when Government betrays us into another war.

The Conscription Act and the Espionage Act were but the opening of the play. Soon political corruption entered into the drama! This started with the familiar scandals of the Shipping Board and the Alien Property Custodian, and mounted at last to the climax of Fall, Daugherty, Doheny, and other familiar figures of the Harding Administration, who, to quote the unforgettable if inelegant phrase of the plain-speaking John Randolph, "shine and stink, and stink and shine, like mackerel rotting in the moonlight." Nobody knows, nobody dares even to imagine, the extent of the corruption which spread from Washington out through the length and breadth of the land, in political and commercial channels without number, as the direct consequence of the demoralization incident to war. For every dollar honestly spent there were several lost, and several more misappropriated and stolen. It was an orgy which made the misdoings of the Grant Administration after the Civil War look like the innocent pranks of a children's party. And worst of all, people knew about it, or learned about it, and didn't care. Scandals a hundred times more disgraceful than those which shook the nation in other days have stirred scarcely a ripple in our time. The Presidential candidate of the party involved in the worst corruptions known to American history, himself and his cabinet officers directly or indirectly involved in the shame, was reelected by the largest majority ever received by a contestant for the highest office in the land. What had happened was that the war had sapped, as war always saps, the foundations of conscience. As disease destroys the bodies, so war destroys the souls of men. We talk loudly of the purging influences of war, of the quickening of moral ideals, of the exalting influence of service and sacrifice for the larger interests of the state. But our talk is but the babble of ignorance and superstition. As a matter of fact, war is the most corrupting influence that can be let loose in human society. Its destruction of lives and property is only the outward and visible sign of its equal destruction of the inner values of the spirit. From 1917 on, the level of life in America has steadily tended downward. Lawlessness, loose morals, gross materialism, social irresponsibility, out and out corruption are the outstanding characteristics of the time.

What has happened during the last ten years is best indicated by the sudden ending of that movement of social idealism which was the outstanding feature of American life before the war. Everywhere in those distant and happy days we were engaged in great works of social liberation. We had won political victories in the popular election of Senators, the establishment of direct primaries, the enfranchisement of women. We had made progress in the economic field in the restriction of child labor, the shortening of hours of labor for women, the establishment of collective bargaining in industry. We were making progress in what was intended to be a complete and final victory for social democracy. It was an age of brave and cheerful idealism. We did not worry, we were confident; much could delay, but nothing stay, our triumph. But the war stayed it! In a night we were flung back into savagery and the base struggle for elemental things. And now, ten years after the war, we have not recovered, save to struggle against war itself as a drowning man struggles against the waves which would devour him.

Our present situation in this country, ten years after our plunge into the European cataclysm, is not difficult to define. Through the disintegration of Europe, we have become the political and financial center of the Western world. We have also for the same reason, and because of our own inherent strength, become the potential military master of this same world. Our destined day is come—a day of empire, and wealth, and glory! And our souls are being fashioned for this day. Shown "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," we are turning not away. Rather are we preparing to "fall down and worship," that "all these things" may be given unto us.

The Turnip Year in Germany

By AN ENGLISHWOMAN

MID-WINTER, 1917

A DARK, cold night. Sleet falling. A little country station, dimly lighted, bare, cold. A little group of women are waiting for the train; queer figures they look, so shapeless in their old ulsters and faded hats, loaded down with bundles and baskets, old suitcases and handbags, some even with sacks. Patiently they stand there like old packhorses in the rain. They rest their bundles carefully on the ground and endeavor to straighten their backs beneath the heavy rucksack. Now and again one stoops and tries to repack a bag, looking around furtively for fear someone has seen that precious little packet of butter which must be kept out of sight.

My own suitcase lies on the bench. How heavy it is! I shudder, thinking of the long way home, but smile when I remember my loot—seven pounds of rye to roast and use for coffee; one whole pound of butter—never have I had so much, and three whole liters of milk for my baby. Heaps of apples, a small loaf of black bread, and some eggs. I walked ten miles in cold and sleet to outlying farms to secure it. If only it is not taken away from me, as it was last time. Carefully I rearrange my purchases: one bottle of milk in my great-coat pocket—that will pass I am sure; one in the suitcase among some innocent-looking apples,

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and one in the basket. I'll get through the inspection at S. with *one* bottle anyway, and if I get more through, I'll sterilize it and baby will have some milk next week.

A far-away whistle. Here comes the train. Quickly I gather up my load. I shall have to fight to get a seat. The little engine staggers into the station, puffing and snorting. We used to poke fun at the little railway, its noise, its slowness, its stuffiness. Now we are too accustomed to its discomfort to find it funny. There is never enough coal, it is never heated or cleaned, it is always full and always late. I stagger up the steps with my load and see one seat in the middle of the car, but every available space is filled with bags and baskets and sacks. Despairingly I look round and the sad faces smile me a greeting; we are all sisters in distress. "Here on top of mine," one working woman says, and gratefully I pile it up and sink down exhausted on the hard bench. No one speaks. There are six more stations to the terminus where we take the train back to the city.

"They say the inspection is getting more severe than ever. They stopped a friend of mine with apples last week," one woman says.

We are all indignant. Fruit has always been free, we protest. Another speaks: "The conductor has just told us that the gendarme struck at a woman's skirts with his saber yesterday to find out if she had any eggs in inside pockets." We all look self-conscious.

"He'd better try that on me," answered another. "He'd get mine in his face, that's all."

The working woman next me shakes with fear. "My God," she says, "I am so afraid. They say they are going to punish food hoarding with imprisonment. If only I can get through with the bit I've got. There are so many children at home."

"You mustn't be so frightened," I tell her irritably. "He can only take away the food. They can't start putting us in prison, there'd be no end to it. We all do it."

"I know," she answers sullenly, "but you perhaps can afford to lose the food; I can't. After giving up a day's work to go on this trip, and trudging about all day in the cold with scarcely anything to eat, spending all my money, and then to have it taken away——" She begins to cry. "I didn't get any milk this time either and I have a baby a year old. I've been giving her rye-coffee in her bottle."

I have a short, sharp struggle with myself, then I say: "Here, take this bottle quick; hide it! We shall be there soon."

She doesn't hesitate. "I'll pay for it," she says. As if I wanted her money. I can only see my own baby's pinched face reproaching me. Well, perhaps the gendarme would have taken it anyway. We trundle on in the darkness. It is raining now and freezing on the train windows as it falls. We are nearing S. and all of us are nervous. The woman next me begins again, "Haven't you got a bread card to spare?"

"I can let you have a half a card," I answer, remembering the small black bread the farmer's wife had given me. She takes it apologetically: "My little Johann is always so hungry."

I make a rapid survey of my load. Let me see: the umbrella and pocket-book can hang on my wrist, one hand for the suitcase that weighs at least twenty pounds with those apples in it, and in the other the basket.

"All change!" shouts the conductor. Out we get on the ice-covered steps. There in the station doorway through which we must file I catch a glimpse of a green uniform. Now for it! Is it any good lying? He won't find my butter I feel sure. I have rolled it out flat with the farmwife's rolling pin, and put it at the bottom of the suitcase with an innocent piece of cardboard on top. My turn is coming. I chide myself for shaking.

"Any butter?" the gendarme roars at me. "No." "Any eggs?" "No." "Open up your things," he shouts. Meekly I open them. "Milk is not allowed," he says. "Have you any?" "Only one bottle for my baby," I answer. He grunts. "What's this?" "Rye," I answer. "How much?" "Three pounds," I lie again cheerfully. He puts his hand among the apples. "Nothing else?" "No," I say, trying to look frank. "Pass," he growls. Trying not to seem in too much of a hurry I close my things.

I am cold and hungry but the restaurant in the big waiting-room across the way has nothing for sale except coffee-substitute; not even rye, which we are becoming quite fond of. I order some; it will be hot anyway. We have an hour to wait for the connection. We huddle in our coats and doze. The express rattles in. Full! People standing in every carriage. With my last remaining strength I fight for standing room. Some get left behind. I sway back and forth for over an hour holding to the baggage rack, my suitcase resting on my icy feet. Endless the journey, and shuddering, I think of the trolley ride yet before me. If only the last car hasn't left the station before the train gets in. If only someone were there to meet me; but my husband is at the front. We are there. Once more we shoulder our loads. The last car is just leaving and I have to run. It is midnight when I let myself into my flat. I had started out at six in the morning.

The Creche

My friend had just had a baby. The whole nine months of her pregnancy she had lain on a couch too weak to get up, scarcely speaking, scarcely making any attempt to eat. We all remonstrated with her; she must make an effort for her baby's sake. All she answered, whispering, was: "I *can't* eat any more turnips." We had them for breakfast, dinner, and supper; we made them into jam to spread on sticky, heavy black bread that was already full of carrots and potato peelings. My gorge rises now when I think of it. We cooked them with our weekly quarter-pound ration of meat for dinner, we tried to disguise them as soup.

The baby, when it came, like so many others at that time, was not normal. Unfortunately it lived. The doctor insisted on a visit to the North Sea. It would brace my friend up—give her an appetite. I shuddered. Who wanted an appetite? But she had another child of three or four years and the doctor said she hadn't strength enough to take care of two. Someone suggested a creche. There was one near me where the child could stay. I promised to visit the little one and report to her mother.

It was a lovely summer day when I went there. Blue sky and roses in bloom everywhere. I found the place set in a lovely garden, everything spotless and beautiful. I inquired for my friend's little girl.

"They are all out in the garden eating up the sun," said the friendly matron. I passed through spotless corridors out to the sunny lawn. Rows and rows of cots stood under the trees. A nurse came toward me: "The bigger children are on the other side," she said. "Wouldn't you like to see our babies?" I shall never forget that sight.

"Sister," I gasped, "for God's sake, what's the matter with them all? They don't look human. They—they look

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like little old monkeys." The sister was surprised that I did not know. "Oh they've all got rickets, of course. Look at their wrists and ankles and their little screwed-up faces."

"Yes, rickets!" she repeated, "the English disease! Most of them won't live, and the others will never be strong. The old and the young are all going; perhaps we middle-aged will survive." I turned away and sought the little girl I had come to see. She looked at me with big, sad eyes. "Want my Mutti," she said hopefully at sight of my familiar face.

NOVEMBER, 1918

We stand and look at one another. My husband has the paper in his hands. Armistice! No more fighting. The guns have stopped on every front.

"Is it true?" I ask. He nods. I begin to cry for joy. Gradually I begin to realize all it means. "How soon shall we get some food through?" I ask eagerly.

There is a pause.

"They have decided to keep up the blockade till the peace is actually signed," he answers gruffly.

"Who has decided!" I ask.

"Your countrymen," he answers bitterly.

The First "Boiled" Surgeon

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

SIR JOSEPH LISTER, eminent English surgeon, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth occurs April 5, 1927, can fitly be called "the first 'boiled' surgeon" because by introducing white-winged, surgical cleanliness he routed the "good, old surgical stink" in hospitals. He changed the order for soap from guest size to a charwoman's chunk; at an operation he used a pyramid of clean towels instead of the allotted "one"; he goaded the infirmary plumber to renovate the water pipes so the faucets gave pure gushes of water instead of cloudy trickles. This much and more Lister did in the name of ordinary cleanness. But to insure aseptic cleanliness, to fortify tattered flesh and mangled bone against infection he applied carbolic acid, used heretofore only as a scavenger for Carlisle sewers.

European hospitals have spotty pasts. Overcrowding led to complications in disease. In Lister's day infirmary patients were tumbled together, sometimes two and more in one bed. A man with a gangrene stump clutched in death agony at his convalescent bedfellow, and an erysipelas victim shared the same pillow with a fractured skull damp in bloody bandage. In the ironically named Hôtel Dieu in Paris 1,200 beds accommodated (?) 3,000 patients. The cholera epidemic in 1849 and the butchering Crimean War covered all available floor-space with lumpy mattresses. So "hospital gangrene," or Gray Death, as it was called from the cancerous gray lace fluted around a decaying wound, stalked through the wards, smiting by contagion.

To overcrowding was added septic contacts. A nurse might raise a window a few inches to shake out a duster; but otherwise windows were dangerous portholes through which fresh air might slip. Consequently the patient sniffed sewery air stirring from a hundred wounds. While house-surgeon at Glasgow Infirmary Lister traced a fetid odor to a cholera catacomb, a dead city of loaded coffins under the building.

During the first week in April, when wards underwent spring cleanings, families of germs that had tenanted infirmaries fifty-one weeks of the year formed a grand departing caravan along the superintendent's broom. It was Lister's specially sterilized ward of which one superintendent said, "there was nothing dirty in its appearance so it seemed unnecessary to disturb it." In Glasgow Infirmary hot water was precious; floor mops and soap never got very far beyond the vestibule. Only those hospitals brushed by the immaculate skirt of Florence Nightingale were "fairly clean." The operating room or "theater" in the University College Hospital, where Lister studied, was a stuffy cabin with a wooden table, a greasy gas jet, and one basin.

Surgical instruments were kept no cleaner than household scissors. The surgeon dashed his lance in soapsuds, thrust it into a crummy pocket while preparing the patient, and then proceeded to operate. One probe explored the ulcer, the tuberculous wrist of a laborer, the wound of a tetanus sufferer. The surgeon's wife made sure the buttons on her husband's operating jacket were secure—for they were the pegs upon which hung the silk threads used for stitches. The surgeon himself used his teeth to hold the operating knife, pirate fashion, during a lull. He wore a coat variegated with stains and blood spatters. As every stain attested to the wearer's advance in surgery the coat covered proud shoulders.

The modern hospital rises on a foundation of scrubbing brushes. Walls and ceilings and corridors gleam with purifying whiteness; beds are skeleton clean between crevices, stone stairways are almost blistered from frequent irrigation with scalding water; doors open and close without creating dusty draughts. The operating "theater" is so situated that a bleaching north light intensifies the general cleanliness. Corners are rounded and walls are bare to keep out lurking dirt. Forceps, tweezers, scalpels are immersed in sterilizing solution. Towels are plucked from a chest with tongs. The operator is "boiled" into scientific cleanliness.

Permeating the entire hospital, like incense rising in tribute to the great Lister, floats the stinging fume of carbolic acid.

Lister began by clarifying the wards of Glasgow Infirmary with fresh air and to make sure demurring nurses would keep the windows open he insisted on fires in July. He fumigated lavishly with Condy's deodorant. He trained his assistants to wash their hands thoroughly and often, not mere tidal marking at the wrists but up to the elbow with a final dip in carbolic solution. He ordered clean towels until he was accused by the lay committee of the hospital of "extravagant cleanliness." Instruments swam in carbolic acid. This germ-scourging chemical, appropriated by Lister after he realized some agent was needed to kill microbes breeding putrefaction in a wound, finally became the universally accepted surgical cleanser.

Lister's efforts at the seat of disease, at the crater of "hospital gangrene" for instance, were expedient applications of carbolic. The poisonous area about a wound, resulting from pus and collective uncleanliness, and spreading from bed to bed, recovered under the caustic action of the acid. Gray Death subsided; during Lister's first eighteen months' experience with carbolic as an antiseptic wound buffer only two cases out of thirteen died. Heretofore the patient with compound fracture and broken skin, "the portal of death" through which bacteria marched like invisible undertakers to claim the victim, resigned himself to hospital fate. Lister and his simple swab of carbolized lint now set the patient on the little-traveled highway to recovery.

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In the Driftway

ANYTHING which throws light on the ideas and ideals current in American colleges attracts the notice of the Drifter. He isn't especially interested in curricula, in which regard he understands that he shares the feelings of some of the students. But he is always on the alert for indications of how the young men and women of our campuses are thinking, and about what. Thus he pounced the other day on a newspaper item relating that the senior class of Columbia University had held an election in which a majority had voted for one of their mates as

(1) The man who had done most for his class.
(2) The man who had done most for Columbia.
(3) The most reliable man.
(4) The best athlete.
(5) The best all around man.
(6) The most typical Columbia man.
(7) The man most likely to succeed in life.

* * * * *

THE young man who received this tribute must be a fellow of parts, but the Drifter is not concerned with him or with the justness of the verdict. The Drifter is interested in the questions voted upon as a revelation of the class mind. He thinks that only the third and fourth are of consequence. The third is a definite expression in regard to character and the fourth in respect to ability; anyone might well be proud to have such verdicts cast in his favor. The fifth judgment is indefinite and presumably a summary of all the others; hence it doesn't count for much. The sixth is equivalent to saying that the young man in question is like his mates; as an expression of opinion by them it is more of a vote for themselves than for him. The seventh is a prediction and practically the same as the fifth.

* * * * *

THE first two judgments are the most illuminative of the class mind, and the fact that they stand at the head of the list adds to their importance. Obviously the students are in no doubt that a young man ought to come to college to do something for it and for his class. This seems to be a cardinal belief throughout all our colleges, one of the marks which distinguish American universities from similar institutions abroad. This theory is held by faculty as well as students. College life revolves around it. And, the Drifter surmises, the comparative sterility of our campuses as intellectual centers is in no small degree due to the prevalence of this odd misconception. For the Drifter doesn't accept the idea at all. He thinks that if there is any period in life when one has a right to be selfish of time and energy it is in college. If one isn't there primarily for self-improvement, one oughtn't to be there at all. For a young man to squander his energies "for the honor of Old Princevard," or to sacrifice his time "for the sake of dear old '28" is fiddlesticks. If the Drifter believed in endowments, and if he had the money—neither of which is the case—he would establish a prize in every American college to be awarded annually to the student judged to have "done most for himself" in the previous year. THE DRIFTER

[*Because of the special character of this issue of* The Nation, *the International Relations Section has been omitted. It will appear hereafter as usual, next week's section including a history of the International Settlement at Shanghai by Lewis S. Gannett.*]

Correspondence

"Al" Smith, Progressive?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alfred Baker Lewis criticizes the progressivism of Al Smith, saying that he has remained silent on Mexico, whereas Catholics like Senator David I. Walsh have spoken against intervention; he has remained silent on the question of labor-union injunctions, and has not disapproved of the issuance of drastic injunctions by Democratic judges; his water-power program is not extensive enough.

Except for prohibition—which has become a State issue—Governor Smith has not expressed himself on any national issues. In his last inaugural address he said he would make no other attempt to gain the Presidential nomination than to give New York the best administration of which he is capable. He has remained true to that pledge.

In the Governor's last annual message he said:

> Legislation should be enacted providing that before injunctions are issued in labor disputes a preliminary hearing should be held at which the parties in interest would be afforded an opportunity of presenting the facts to the court. The present practice of issuing injunctions in labor disputes on affidavits has brought about a growing disrespect for the courts and for judicial process and a bitter feeling between labor and capital. There is no reason why on important applications of this character the parties should not have the fullest opportunity to present all of the facts to the court at an open hearing held for that purpose before any judicial action is taken.

On water-power most of us would be happy if the Republican legislature would accept at least the Governor's proposal, but at this moment even that seems hopeless.

"Al" Smith is certainly the best fitted Progressive who has any chance whatever of reaching the White House.

New York, March 20 LESTER H. MARKS

Contacts Correspondence Club

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judging from the many letters that are written to newspapers and magazines by readers who are not professional writers, there seems to be a need for a suitable outlet for private opinion. Only a small fraction of these communications are published, yet they mean a great deal to the persons who write them. Often it is the only method of self-expression to advanced thinkers who find themselves isolated in small towns.

To meet this need I have organized a Contacts Correspondence Club. There are no dues, no rules, no admission fees, no officers. Anyone can become a member who wants to engage in active correspondence with the other members of the club. I will send a membership list to any one that applies to me at P. O. Box 375, Ford City, Pa.

Ford City, Pennsylvania, March 20 M. D. WAND

What Is a "Modern Woman"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I confess it seems to me that your These Modern Women series should bear the title Female Survivors from the Victorian Era. I do not mean this as an unfavorable criticism of *The Nation*. There is no publication that I think more of.

Chicago, Illinois, March 11 C. P. HARTSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I consider it perfectly outrageous for you to print a confession of a woman who actually likes her parents.

Cos Cob, Connecticut, March 14 M. NELLES

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Books, Art, Plays

First Glance

IT is perhaps unnecessary to remind anyone who remembers the war of the things done by Colonel T. E. Lawrence in Arabia—his rather sudden transformation from student to soldier, his disappearance into the heart of the peninsula with a plan for uniting the disaffected tribes in a solid front against Turkey, his unbelievable success as inspirer of a great and complicated national movement, and his emergence from many bloody, sandy episodes as the fanatically revered leader whose name had become "Wrecker of Engines." All this was immediately legend; and so has been the career of Colonel Lawrence since he came back to England with the intention of resuming his quiet life; so has been his almost fabulous book of 400,000 words, written, lost, rewritten from memory, published first in eight copies, published again in a few hundred copies, and now at last made available, in greatly reduced form, to as many people as want to read it. Many, indeed, should want to read "Revolt in the Desert" (Doran: $3), and many I am sure will find it among the most beautiful and interesting books of their experience. It is not another "Arabia Deserta" by any means, as of course it was never intended to be. It could have been written a little more slowly than it was. And readers of the abridgment, I am told, miss much when they miss the first six chapters, ruthlessly cut away in spite of the fact that they contain the best of Lawrence's writing—among other things the wonderful paragraph with which John Buchan opens his introduction. But "Revolt in the Desert" is precious as it stands, not only for the story it tells and for the way it tells it but for the revelation it gives of a most curious and subtle personality.

What interested me most in the book, outside of the hundreds of episodes and the dozens of character sketches which by their merit stand alone, was its picture of a man who mingled in himself the qualities of a poet and a scholar with those of an inspired executive. The remarkable thing is not that Colonel Lawrence managed in spite of his quietness to rally passionate Arabs and blow up concrete bridges loaded with Turks, but that in his quietness he did these things and got satisfaction from them. Not the glee, naturally, of an average unimaginative general; but the unspeakable pleasure of a short, mild, blue-eyed scholar who by some miracle suddenly found himself desiring to get physical things done. Colonel Lawrence, who at Gadara remembered Meleager and in a moment of extreme discomfort took out of his saddle-bags a copy of the "Morte d'Arthur," whose favorite adverbs, repeated I know not how many times, are "softly" and "swiftly," and who took time on the busiest of bloody days to make delicate notes on the way of his senses in the presence of mountains and the dawn—this man can speak coolly of sixty wounded Turks blown to crimson bits by the action of his own hand.

Yet Colonel Lawrence preserved in himself throughout that detachment of the intellect and the senses which we should expect of him as poet and philosopher. And in the end he saw the whole episode dwindling, dwindling. After one of the battles he writes: "We were subject to the physical shame of success, a reaction of victory, when it became clear that nothing was worth doing, and that nothing worthy had been done." This I am sure is the key to his mysterious career since the war. As a philosopher he knows that what he did was no more worth doing than anything is; as the one who did it he has been willing to write a record for those who think it important; as a man of imagination he must want to go on now with his life—if life has not been spoiled for him, as it may be, through its having reached a peak too soon.

The book, in only a lesser degree than Doughty's, is full of details which any reader must remember. I have already forgotten some of the battles; I shall not forget Ghazala.

> I was on my Ghazala, the old grandmother camel, now again magnificently fit. Her foal had lately died, and Abdulla, who rode next me, had skinned the little carcass, and carried the dry pelt behind his saddle, like a crupper piece. We started well, thanks to the Zaagi's chanting, but after an hour Ghazala lifted her head high and began to pace uneasily, picking up her feet like a sword-dancer.
>
> I tried to urge her; but Abdulla dashed alongside me, swept his cloak about him, and sprang from his saddle, calf's skin in hand. He lighted with a splash of gravel in front of Ghazala, who had come to a standstill, gently moaning. On the ground before her he spread the little hide, and drew her head down to it. She stopped crying, snuffled its dryness thrice with her lips; then again lifted her head and, with a whimper, strode forward. Several times in the day this happened; but afterwards she seemed to forget.

MARK VAN DOREN

Understanding Mexico

Aspects of Mexican Civilization. By José Vasconcelos and Manuel Gamio. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Some Mexican Problems. By Moises Saenz and Herbert I. Priestly. University of Chicago Press. $2.

IN the heart of the upland valley of San Juan Teotihuacán you will find the great ancient City of the Dead, among others the Toltec fortress (Ciudadela), and behind it the Pyramid of Quetzalcoatl with its imposing staircase flanked by snarling stone serpent-heads, erected to the worship of the white god, the Plumed Serpent. This majestic monument was excavated by Dr. Gamio with a persistence that outlived the marching and counter-marching of revolutions, but not in an idle or merely scientific spirit—rather as part of a noble project of racial and social regeneration. At the foot of this pyramid you will find, not entirely misemployed by his successors, a native theater, schools, handicraft shops, and, scattered over the adjacent llano, the homes of the descendants of the ancient pyramid builders, clean and more hygienic, thanks to Dr. Gamio, than those of many other localities.

In Mexico City you will find, on the edge of the Colonia Roma, a vast stadium devoted to athletic contests, school festivals, and other activities, not including bull-fights, built by Vasconcelos when he was Minister of Education. In the heart of the city rises the new Secretariat of Education, also built by him, where he set Diego Rivera, the painter, to decorating the patios and stairways, and started the most original development of painting in the modern world. You will come across new open-air experimental schools, and in the capitals of the various states, as a proper example to provincial education, model schools maintained by the central government in charge of men well versed in the latest educational theories and to whom John Dewey takes on god-like proportions. These efforts are largely due to the initiative of the actual Subsecretary of Education, Moises Saenz.

In these two volumes, the record of the Harris lectures for

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1926, is to be found much of the experience and wisdom of these three Mexican educators; and in addition there are included three lectures by Professor Priestly of the University of California, a man devoted to things Mexican for many years. As a result, here is preserved a record—suffering, it is true, from some of the defects of printed lectures, but at least readable where it is not profound—of modern Mexico; its background, its international difficulties, its revolution, its problems, its achievements, and, above all, its hopes—if sometimes a pathetic picture yet nearly always inspiring.

The lectures of Vasconcelos are undoubtedly the most brilliant and commanding. His vision comprehends the potentialities material, racial, and spiritual of two continents. He is not blind to the defects of his own people; he is interested in explaining them. He asks the pertinent question: "Why is it that the English, the Dutch, and the French, three first-class races, have had such slight success in their sleepy old colonies of the three Guianas?" And further on he asks if it may not happen that when electrical energy supersedes coal and petroleum as the motor force of modern industry, Mexico, home of heat and mountains, will not be in a favored economic situation which will lead to a new and beautiful flowering of its culture.

Both Gamio and Saenz are more interested in actual proximate problems: the first, above all, in the incorporation of the Indian into the modern milieu—and no one understands this question more profoundly than does Dr. Gamio, as both his work in Teotihuacán and his interrupted work in Oaxaca vividly attest, not to mention his monumental three-volume study of the Valley of Teotihuacán and its inhabitants. Señor Saenz is more concerned with the Mexican revolution face to face with foreign invasion and the domestic necessity of rapid reconstruction; and he traces out the emergence of Mexican nationalism, reinvigorated during the past fifteen years by the rise of the labor movement and the extension of education—all in all, a problem of integration, of the creation of firmer racial and social bonds. Professor Priestly's lectures are perhaps the weakest in the book, yet as an outsider, not a Mexican, he approaches the subject from a different angle and realizes more keenly that Mexico has an obligation to itself to meet the demands of modern industrialization and population pressure on its borders in some efficient manner consonant with its culture and institutions —and this before the end of the present century, or all national and international "protective devices . . . will bend like reeds in a flood" and Mexico will be overwhelmed.

CARLETON BEALS

Workhorse and Thoroughbred

Henry James: Man and Author. By Pelham Edgar. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Anthony Trollope: A Commentary. By Michael Sadleir. With an Introduction by A. Edward Newton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

LIKE all the other minor glories of a past generation, its writers of secondary importance tend to lose their luster, value, and desirability. To resurrect them from their works as one drags forth an Egyptian mummy from its telltale tomb is, at best, a task of ironic inconsistency, since the less a subject deserves of his biographer's enthusiasm the more of it he needs —and usually gets. And yet, again as in the case of the Egyptian dead, the curiosity and human interest of the general is aroused—if at all—not by the mummy but by the contents of its pyramid.

Certainly this holds true for both James and Trollope, neither of whom had that inner and independent flame of personality which, while it radiates through the work of the author, still sheds its keenest brilliance in the living man. For James deliberately made his work the best expression of himself and Trollope unconsciously but wholly expressed himself in his work.

Both biographers admit as much, and Mr. Edgar even bases his book on this thesis. He seeks to interpret James simply by a minute examination of his writings. This method may have virtues not apparent to the reviewer, but its palpable and disqualifying fault lies in that it is, despite the running commentary of Mr. Edgar, merely the means of obtaining the groundwork for a biographical study. The task of synthesizing these notes and reflections into a distinguishable portrait or conception still remains to be done. Moreover, while a few of these comments are astute and penetrating, most of them are obvious and unnecessary, and a good many are downright silly. The latter are born of Mr. Edgar's adulation of James, his insensibility to good prose, and his utter failure to realize that his hero had but a modicum of the fundamental elements of the great artist's endowment. In his vision of the world, in his conception of character, in his understanding of emotional conflict Henry James was distinctly mediocre; only in his scrupulous reporting of that upper segment of society, who seem to have been born simply to illustrate Lincoln's contention that wealth is a superfluity of things we don't need, lies an element of genius. James himself, conscious of these deficiencies in his later years, put all the emphasis on his precious prose so that like a trained thoroughbred he moved proud of his gait and indifferent to his principal purpose, the swift communication of ideas.

There is a pathetic irony, then, in the fact that of these biographies it is the study of James which is written in the most ordinary of journalistic prose, whereas Trollope's portrait is drawn by an artist whose every stroke of the pen betrays a cunning, conscious craftsmanship. All sense of James, the stylist, "the votary and victim of the single impression" as he characterized himself, is lost somewhere in the clutter of loose pronouns and modifiers by which Mr. Edgar gives an air of careless confusion to the most regular ideas. On the other hand, the glittering trappings of Mr. Sadleir almost disguise that popular workhorse of an author, who serially dragged thousands of useless words through the magazines, as a victorious—one might even say mid-Victorious—charger galloping to the defense of the "acquiescent but scrupulous section of his countrymen."

To achieve this impression the biographer covers up more than he discloses. Mr. Sadleir seeks to explain away the "Autobiography" as the least reliable of Trollope's works, characterizing his statement about the purpose of his writing as "merely another example of the influence of his period on his method of self-expression," rejecting his confession of profligacy as "illogical and false," and ignoring all the plain evidence of hack work. Having built up a defense in the "pure fiction" theory—"the genuine novel-writer should be an artist, and not a governess, a parson, or an agitator"—Mr. Sadleir is sorely puzzled and disturbed by his hero's few ventures into the realm of ideas, by "his insistence on actual political happening"; and he can barely forgive Ireland because the terrible conditions Trollope witnessed there inspired him to utilize the medium of fiction for their amelioration. "Ireland," he writes almost humorously, "came near by her insane absorption in her own wrongs and thwarted hopes to choke the very genius that she had vitalized."

We are made to realize even more acutely the exceptional viewpoint of Mr. Sadleir in comparing his praise of "The Belton Estate"—"in no other novel is the essence of Trollope so concentrated"—with the opinion expressed by Henry James when he reviewed the book for *The Nation.*

> Our great objection to "The Belton Estate" [wrote James] is that we seem to be reading a work written for children, a work prepared for minds unable to think, a work below the apprehension of the average man or woman. "The Belton Estate" is a *stupid* book . . . essentially, organically stupid. It is without a single idea. It is utterly incompetent to the primary function of a book of whatever nature—namely, to suggest thought.

Admitting this, Mr. Sadleir writes: "Nevertheless, to a reader in sympathy with the Trollopian method and mentality, the book is a delight for its smoothness, its subtlety, and its faultless adjustment of character and circumstance."

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With such an uncompromising bias as this, it is a miracle of good writing that the special pleader's most grievous faults are avoided by the author. He withholds the purple passages of encomium, though the violet tints of sentimentalism color the book sufficiently. He is never dull in his arguments though often redundant. If one but divorce Trollope, the author, from the subject of this book, it will become a fascinating narrative of a fictitious personage of great charm and wisdom and genius. It bristles with phrases that "suggest thought"; it presents an original interpretation of the mid-Victorian era; and in Fanny Trollope it introduces a character who will far better repay study than her son. Contrasted with this work, Mr. Edgar's volume reads like the tedious discourse of an honest, well-informed, but uninspired lecturer. JOHAN SMERTENKO

Passion for the Unpassionate

The Old Countess. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN her latest novel Anne Douglas Sedgwick, acute analyst of international manners and delicate observer of the politer aspects of human nature, has been carried beyond her emotional depths and written a story of passion which can hardly be convincing to any save unpassionate people. Beginning with a thoroughly Jamesean situation, which concerns itself with a handsome and happily married young English artist who finds himself unexpectedly involved in the affairs of an aging French noble woman and her mysteriously saint-like young protegee, she gradually allows herself to abandon her own metier and attempts, for her, the impossible task of describing directly the passion which springs up between the young people. As a result she succeeds only in casting over the whole story an air of persistent unreality which gradually passes from the rather agreeably romantic into sheer melodramatic pomposity and which makes the catastrophe—brought about by a convenient flood introduced for the sole purpose of drowning the young woman—seem appropriately mechanical.

Miss Sedgwick's characters feel all the emotions and suffer from all the perplexities that a thorough knowledge of the politer sort of fiction dealing with problems of adultery would suggest. Hovering over her puppets with an air of professional sympathy which suggests nothing so much as the dutiful compassion of a trained nurse who has never been ill, Miss Sedgwick puts them through all the spiritual contortions conventionally appropriate to the situation. Her hero, for example, does not want to destroy his ideal of the heroine's purity by physical possession, and she does not want to hurt his wife. He is tortured by the suspicion that she has had lovers before; she is afraid that he will think her cheap; there are unexpected meetings, soul conflicts, and eternal farewells; but there is nothing which is not part of a now completely stale tradition. Never for a moment is the wax-like saint alive and never for a moment does one feel the slightest heat in the supposed passion of the lovers. Thoroughly competent and acute in describing the background of her action and in suggesting the national characteristics of her incidental characters, Miss Sedgwick is totally at a loss in her effort to picture a passionate situation which is obviously outside the range of what her temperament can comprehend.

Doubtless there is no necessity for an artist to experience that which he would describe, but one can never describe a thing for which one has not a certain potentiality, and it is here that Miss Sedgwick is found wanting. Even in her happiest efforts it has been evident that she is a sheltered and all but too fastidious novelist—one who has found her spiritual home behind the hedgerows of England and who surveys the world from a tea-table's coign of vantage. Internationalist though she strives to be, and eager though she is not only to understand and compare the social traditions of three countries but to penetrate as well those passions which lead men to smash whatever tradi-

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tions may be theirs, she is too calm and too secure to be more than a wondering spectator of whatever is not as decorous and orderly as her own soul. Like her master, Henry James, she is happiest when she is concerned with the nuances of social intercourse or when, concerned with passions, sins, and crimes, she studies them not directly but in the ripples which spread from them to disturb the placid surface of orderly society. Such was the task which she set herself in her two best novels, "Adrienne Toner" and "The Little French Girl," and when in the present instance she turns aside from it the effect is only to demonstrate how incapable she is of making passion convincing. Fastidiously, almost priggishly correct in every taste and feeling, no amount of good-will can enable her to comprehend any action not either gentlemanly or ladylike. In the presence of anything indecorous one can see her gathering her skirts carefully about her ankles, and when she sets out upon any adventure which leads her into unsalubrious regions she reminds one of James's unforgettable description of the English tourist in Paris whose wraps and bundles suggest that he is anxiously prepared against any inclemency, physical or moral, of the weather. Every scene and every comment doubtless does credit to the purity of her heart and the refinement of her manners; but many of both inspire little confidence in her capacity to describe the less decorous aspects of human nature and conduct. She has confessed a mild surprise that she should be considered a disciple of Henry James and she has said that her favorite novelists were the Russians, but surely nothing could be less Russian than her infinite incapacity for the emotional understanding of any form unconventionality.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Liberal Looks at the Empire

The Third British Empire. By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press. $2.

IN what sense is Canada less an independent nation than the United States? It would take a metaphysician to answer this question with any satisfaction to himself. It is true that Canadians regard the king of England as their "sovereign," but that is merely a figment of their political imagination. The king has no more authority in Canada than he has in the United States. The British Commonwealth of Nations is a unique instance in history of a world-wide political community united by ties that are invisible and by forces that are intangible. It is without a constitution as it is without a philosophy, and yet it exists. In the realm of politics existence is of itself a matter of great significance.

Mr. Zimmern's little volume discusses the political and economic problems of what he calls the Third British Empire. The first was the authoritative empire that came to an end in 1776; the second, the loosely hung empire that came to an end in 1914; and the third, the one that emerged from the World War as the British Commonwealth of Nations. Mr. Zimmern writes with both knowledge and ease. A scholar by temperament and training, a former official in the British Foreign Office, a promoter of liberal causes, a writer of charm and lucidity, he is indeed well qualified to interpret the British Empire to the educated public.

Mr. Zimmern is both a Liberal and an imperialist. At first championed only by the Conservatives imperialism became so popular that it captured the Liberals and even the Laborites. The dualism existing in the empire, with autocratically governed India and the democratically governed Dominions, appeals to the special traditions of each party. To the Conservatives India is the empire, and the Dominions only a sentimental addition. But to the Liberals the Dominions are the empire, and India an awkward embarrassment which they would remove by granting home rule. When they became converts to imperialism the Liberals had to create an imperialist ideology in harmony with their pacific and democratic traditions. The British Empire, declares Mr. Zimmern, guar-

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antees the peace of the world, and "survives as one of the world's guardians of liberty." India is not really held by autocratic rule but "by the double bond of science and character." The imperial official is an "unrivaled primary teacher of peoples," unequaled for "courage, for honor and loyalty, for tolerance, for wisdom and calm judgment, for self-control in emergencies." What are these sentiments but a variation of Kipling's "white man's burden"? Imperialist Liberalism is another instance of the remarkable power of English political genius to reconcile opposing traditions in the interest of practical policy.

As a result of the World War the Dominions reached the final goal in what the author aptly calls "the procession" of the colonies, moving in stages from autocratic rule to complete democratic self-government. The Dominions are now equal with the mother country in foreign affairs, which gives them international status. Is not this change a "concealed process of disintegration"? Did not the British Empire, in effect, suffer "the same fate as that which overtook its rivals"? asks Mr. Zimmern. His answer is so interesting and so original that it merits careful consideration. Mr. Zimmern believes that the League of Nations insures the existence of the British Commonwealth of Nations. An enthusiastic supporter of the League, he rejoices in the fact that it introduced an "age of integration" by establishing, for the first time, a regular system of international cooperation. The pioneer of this great change, in his view, was the British Empire, which established peace and cooperation among one-quarter of the world's inhabitants, scattered in every continent. It anticipated the League by recognizing the principle of nationality within its territories, by the flexibility of its policy, and by its trusteeship of backward peoples. The League therefore found in the empire a pattern and an inspiration for its activities. And the empire found in the League a world-wide protector. The latter would come to its support against an aggressive attack from without. Attempts from within to disintegrate the empire would receive little encouragement because the Dominions would be loath to lose the double advantage of having the protection of London and Geneva. If Mr. Zimmern is right the League of Nations is safe.

J. Salwyn Schapiro

Black and White Love

Latterday Symphony. By Romer Wilson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

POLISHED, almost perfumed, is this little story of the bootless love of a young Englishman and an American Negro singer for a beautiful girl. The scene opens when Stephen Russell steps into a Mayfair party where Lindsay Jackson is singing spirituals and there again meets Mary, whose memory he has been trying to blot out in the sharp sunlight of Spain. To Jackson also Mary suddenly shines forth as all that is desirable, if unattainable, on this earth. The story follows the two men through this polite party and a studio rout afterwards; through the interminable afternoon of the next day until they can see Mary again; and through the tea-party at Stephen's house at which each in turn tempts his fate and loses. The subtleties and sophistications of the cultured young Englishman form one set of minor chords, the gentle simplicity of the American another. Both break unavailing against the melody which is Mary. Their turbulencies can touch her, move her, even hurt her, without disturbing profoundly her clear depths. The book is delicately lovely, occasionally skirting narrowly, but safely, the edges of prettiness or ultra-refinement.

There is a special interest to Americans in Miss Wilson's portrayal of Jackson, the Negro. She is able to see and to imagine the tragedy of color which hangs like a veil between him and many of his desires, to trace the rending conflicts of the black and the white strains which produced him. Yet he appears not as a type or a museum piece, but as an artist who happens to be a colored man, an individual struggling with one set of opposing forces as all of us must struggle with one condition or another in ourselves. At a time when Negro art and Negro characteristics are in danger of being as slavishly lauded as they have been anathematized in the past, it is refreshing that someone should penetrate beyond the clamor and depict a Negro as primarily a human being.

Mary Ross

Books in Brief

The Philippines: A Treasure and a Problem. By Nicholas Roosevelt. J. H. Sears and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks that President Wilson advocated Philippine independence "for purely political purposes"; that "no American ever better understood the difficult task of dealing with a sensitive alien race" than Leonard Wood; that "the idea of fair play is as alien to the Filipino as to all other Orientals"; that "the Oriental's idea of government is one in which the dominating group exercises power ruthlessly"; that, therefore, we should behave as Oriental rulers and keep the Philippines—partly because "we have a responsibility toward the hundreds of thousands of Christian converts made in China by American missionaries," partly to save the white man's prestige, partly to keep the price of rubber and quinine down, partly to keep up roads the Filipinos do not want; and in general for the sake of the stupidly unwilling Filipinos themselv. He quotes Kipling in every chapter head, and urges Congr to give more power to Leonard Wood so that "misapplied altruism can be succeeded by efficiency."

Art

The Architectural League Exhibition

FOR somebody this chaotic show was a success. Crowds pushed their half dollars through the wickets and surged past the close-packed exhibits. One wonders whether they attached the idea of architecture most strongly to the rainstorm, sunset, night, and dawn of a theatrical lighting equipment company, to the beruffed pillows and coverlets of another booth, or to the delights of metal beds finished to look just like wood. Or perhaps they were more interested in refrigerators or furnaces or a set dinner table or kitchen stoves. Or even in the clattering machines of the Western Union Telegraph Company's display. The Architectural League—or the good business agent who arranged it all—aimed to please all tastes—particularly those of all possible advertisers. Occasionally an organ from a hidden room boomed out over all like that of a movie house when the villain drives up in his car, or purred gently like the accompaniment of the garden reconciliation scene at the end of the last reel. It was very bustling and confused. It breathed—it shouted—success. It was all rather exciting and very modern.

The architecture? Oh, one almost forgot the architecture. Around nooks and corners, and in a few of the more important spaces that the entrepreneur had forgotten to sell, they did have some photographs, a few models, and a great deal of sculpture and decorative painting. It took one's attention away from the fascinating rubber tiles made to look like marble, and the pseudo-Pompeiian bathroom. More important still, so confused was the hanging of it, with churches elbowing houses and gardens next to office buildings, that it almost took attention away from itself. Perhaps the rent of the enormous exhibition hall was too high for the league to afford time to hang the show intelligently. Perhaps the unintelligent hanging was one reason why nothing in it stood out as supremely interesting, why it was so difficult to get from it any coherent idea. Even gorgeous pictures of the magnificent Barclay-Vesey

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Telephone Building by McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin—now, through the lamented death of Mr. McKenzie, Voorhees, Gmelin, and Walker—which received the medal of honor, were hidden away in an alcove.

In general it seemed that houses were growing simpler, less theatrical, more direct and human, that all too few designers of city buildings have learned that setbacks per se do not create beauty and that a genius for mass creation is still rare, that the Goodhue Associates continue masters of the field in fresh and modern adaptation of the Gothic style. One could not help noticing the models of the daring colored pediments of the Philadelphia Museum, by Jennewein and Gregory, or speculating on how their colors, garish in the artificial light, would soften in the sun outdoors. One saw the large murals of Eugene Savage for the Elks Memorial by Egerton Swartout, powerfully drawn, but seeming rather drab in color; one might see the cartoons of Hildreth Meiere's decorations for the Nebraska Capitol, interesting attempts in a sort of large-scale simplified mosaic in tile; and there was more if you were curious enough—painting galore, and all sorts of sculpture, good, bad, and indifferent—even down to a colossal figure from a War Memorial—such a nice boy he was—that was the direct lineal descendant of the cast-iron Civil War soldier of 1870 brought up to date.

But why should the visitors take the trouble to search for anything so stupid as real creative art? The advertisers had such amusing wares displayed. One could stand for hours and watch the toy lighting changes of the stage people, or listen to the organ, or watch miniature figures dart through miniature revolving doors. And occasionally one would come suddenly upon a set of carved wood doors of vivid beauty, or iron work strong and lovely, or mosaic that was new and vital, to show that craftsmanship and the ideal of beauty in manufacturing still lives on. And then, if that was too great a shock, one could walk upstairs and see how to build practically anything out of practically nothing.

We architects have now to congratulate ourselves; we are quite up to date. The Architectural League exhibition is at last completely and comfortably commercialized; it was as hard to find the architecture sandwiched between its advertising booths as to find a verse in the back pages of the *New Yorker*, news on any but the front page of an evening paper, or the final columns of a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Drama

Two Successes

AFTER keeping her for more than four years in a golden bondage to the role of Sadie Thompson in "Rain," the managers of Miss Jeanne Eagels have allowed her to return to New York in a conventional French farce which is raised somewhat above the level of its kind by a certain brisk humor and excellent acting. Without ceasing to wonder that so bright a young man as M. Jacques Deval, its author, should be content to restrict himself within the narrow limits set by the *genre* he has adopted, one may nevertheless admit that "Her Cardboard Lover" (Empire Theater) is more amusing than one would expect it to be.

For years the French farce has been threatening to die of anemia. Not only have the theme and the characters been completely standardized but convention has demanded as well that the action should take place in a vacuum. It is very seldom, indeed, that the personages concerned have any occupations or any opinions. All the incidental circumstances which give even a superficial variety to amorous complications are omitted, and generally the characterization does not advance in complexity beyond the point where the dramatis personae can be described adequately as "a jealous husband" and "a debonair lover." A set of men, absolutely alike in having no occupation except love-making and quite indistinguishable from one another in the matter of manners and morals, compete for the favors of a set of women who seem so exactly alike as to make promiscuity monotonous. No type of American play, with the possible exception of the mystery melodrama, has been quite so thoroughly drained of content. Even our farceurs are aware of the existence of those different levels of society, those different types of temperament, and those different occupations which give variety to contemporary life, and they do suggest that their material, however much it has been distorted, has been drawn from that life. But French farces are as artificial as pastoral poetry. Not for years has anyone introduced a new character or allowed himself to be influenced by contemporary manners or contemporary preoccupations. He has inherited a set of puppets and a set of situations and he seems determined to hand them on unchanged to his children.

It is obvious that M. Deval's temperament is neither bold nor revolutionary. It can hardly have struck him as an original idea to lay the scene of his first act in the salon of a gambling casino and the other two scenes in a bedroom. Neither is his story—which concerns the efforts of a too devoted divorcée to get rid of the young man whom she has hired to pose as her lover in order to prevent her from obeying an impulse to return to her husband—very startlingly new. Yet M. Deval, far from being depressed by the conventionality of his material, seems to bubble with all the enthusiasm of a man with a brand new idea. He acts as though writing farces of th' kind were the most joyful business in the world, and witho' being the author of any memorable witticism he has both a keen sense of the ridiculous and infectious high spirits. Moreover an admirable company, in which Mr. Leslie Howard is quite as conspicuous as Jeanne Eagels, goes far to supply his deficiencies and in the second act Miss Eagels succeeds, by more or less illegitimate means, in saving the play from the doldrums into which it is threatening to fall. Observing, perhaps, a certain lack of light in the piece, she determined that it should have a little heat at least, and she gives an almost embarrassingly convincing representation of the heroine's ardent impatience when she believes that the husband is soon to arrive. All in all "Her Cardboard Lover" is a sufficiently amusing piece which, though it will not enrich dramatic literature, seems to promise to do a good deal toward enriching the particular managers responsible for its American production.

Even less important as literature and even more certainly destined to resounding commercial success is "The Spider" (Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater), which comes to rescue the mystery melodrama at the moment when in it, too, every possibility for novelty seemed to be exhausted. A good many plays before this have experimented with the "plant" in the audience and the characters who enter via the aisles, but no other has so ingeniously made the audience a part of the action. The scene is supposed to be laid in a vaudeville theater and the play begins as a conventional vaudeville performance. Then, in the course of the third turn, an altercation arises between a mind-reader and a member of the audience. Suddenly the lights of the theater are extinguished, a shot is fired from the auditorium, and when the lights have been turned on again a man has been murdered. A doctor is called from the audience, police arrive, the manager of the house apologizes, the spectators are forbidden to leave the theater, and the rest of the play proceeds upon the assumptions there established. The story is of conventional pattern but the technical difficulties involved are worked out with great ingenuity, completeness, and verisimilitude. Even the spectator who would now find himself blasé at "The Bat" will be kept agreeably upon the verge of hysteria by "The Spider." "Lally" (Morosco) is an amazingly obvious plagiarism of the Sanger Circus theme, with none of the sparkle and ingenuity of Miss Kennedy's conversation. It is difficult indeed to swallow the poor imitation with the original so accessible.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The author of The Turnip Year in Germany is an Englishwoman who lived in Germany during the period she describes.

CARLETON BEALS, who lives in Mexico City, is soon to publish a volume of sketches, "Brimstone and Chili."

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Editor, THE NATION

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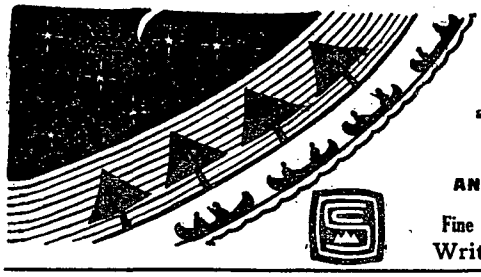

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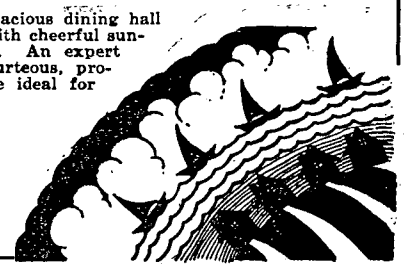

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A Letter

March 10, 1927

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